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December 20, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

It struck us that many readers will find a resemblance to a death's-head in the subject for this week's cover painting. Actually, it's a prow-on view of America's new dreadful weapon, the USS Nautilus. Upon completion, the Nautilus will be the world's first atom-powered vessel, and an awesome addition to the free world's armed might. Beginning on page 13, you'll find an authoritative report on the new submarine, graphically illustrated with additional detailed paintings by famed artist Fred Freeman, who also did this week's cover.

Week's Mail

Gun-Shy GIs

EDITOR: Bill Davidson's article, Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot (Nov. 8th), indicates that fear-caused fatigue reduces effective firepower in the front line. The figure of 50-per-cent firers is apparently only obtained by dint of much coaching by officers and NCOs. The 50-per-cent nonfirers are definite encumbrances who should not be in the front line as fighters.

If firers and nonfirers cannot be recognized prior to actual combat experiences, segregation should take place right after the men have had a chance to prove themselves. Firers should be given a badge or other mark of distinction.

Firers and nonfirers now receive equal rates of pay and allowances. Technicians are rewarded in accordance with their experience and qualifications. What higher qualification could a fighting man have than to be a firer in actual combat? We should pay a firer at least twice as much as a nonfirer.

ERIC J. YOUNG, Staten Island, N.Y.

. . . Mr. Davidson's article was quite a surprise to me. I served in Korea as a squad leader in "B" Company of the First Marine Regiment. In all fairness to that fine group of young men who were in my squad, I must disagree with Mr. Davidson. My men represented a cross section of average American youth. We engaged in many fire-fights, and the only time I saw a man not firing, the reason was a mechanical failure of his weapon.

S/SGT. SALVATORE F. PADILLA,
Camp Pendleton, Cal.

. . . Battle is a game of skill, though a most brutal one. Place a man in any game of skill, be it football or fighting, and if he had no more training than we give our soldiers in the use of the rifle, he would feel helplessness and fear or fail to compete.

The pay-off in soldiering is the ability to put a bullet in the enemy when you shoot at him; nothing else matters. But the Army spends most of its time training men for everything else but shooting.

LUTHER ARTHUR,
Huntington Beach, Cal.

. . . I served as a private and private first class and also as a second lieutenant in World War I, and more recently I served as a major in World War II.

In World War I, military personnel were subject to strict discipline. We were taught that it is an honorable thing to be a soldier and were inculcated with the belief that we should be proud to

When does a "simple cold" become serious?

Whenever fever—even a degree or so above normal—accompanies a so-called "simple cold," it is serious enough to be called to the attention of your doctor.

Many of us are inclined to regard a cold all too lightly—even when it brings on "a touch of fever." We may say: "It will be gone tomorrow," and, relying on our favorite home remedy, attempt to continue our usual activities.

Doctors take a more serious view of colds. They believe that any cold should be properly treated—and preferably as soon as it develops. While many measures are used for the relief of colds, most physicians believe that the best treatment is simply this:

Remain at home and rest as much as possible, preferably in bed; eat light, wholesome food; drink plenty of liquids; and be sure to check your temperature.

The latter point is particularly important because a feverish cold often indicates the onset of more serious illnesses—sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis, and certain communicable diseases including the various forms of pneumonia.

In fact, it has been estimated that colds are the starting point for nine out of ten cases of pneumonia. So, in addition to keeping check on your temperature, it is wise to watch out for chills, pain in the chest or side after coughing or deep breathing, and the appearance of rust-colored sputum. *Should any of these symptoms of pneumonia develop, call the doctor at once.*

Fortunately, medical science has made enormous strides against pneumonia. A few years ago, the average patient with this disease ran a high fever—perhaps for a week or more—and he often faced a lengthy convalescent period. Today, through prompt use of the antibiotic drugs, a patient's fever can usually be reduced to normal within 24 hours, and he may be virtually well within a short time.

Just a few years ago, one out of every three pneumonia victims died. Today, modern drugs are so effective that only one out of every 25 cases is lost. This record should not lull anyone into a false sense of security—for pneumonia can still strike and rapidly become serious. Prompt treatment is just as vital as ever.

Good health habits help prevent winter ailments such as pneumonia. So, during the cold months ahead, you may find these simple precautions helpful in conserving your resistance against colds, pneumonia, and other respiratory diseases:

Avoid loss of sleep, excessive fatigue, and over-exposure to extreme cold and dampness.

Eat a well-balanced daily diet.

Stay away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

See your doctor for a thorough physical examination if you have frequent colds.

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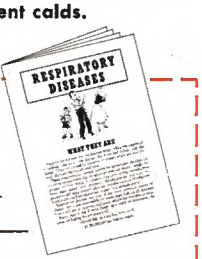

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wear the uniform. As a means of accomplishing these ends various aids were used, such as old-style close-order drill at attention, respect for rank, special privileges for rank.

In World War II everything was different. Strict discipline was replaced by what I will call for lack of a better name, modern discipline. The soldier was led to believe that he had a thoroughly unpleasant but absolutely necessary job to perform, and that in order to enable him to endure the unpleasantness of being a soldier, taking orders, wearing a uniform, being uncomfortable, and perhaps someday being wounded, taken prisoner or even being killed, he would be treated with as much kindness and consideration as possible, and his military service would be made as unmilitary as possible.

For a man to be a good soldier he must have such a high regard for the military ideal that he will lay down his life for it. Can this regard be inculcated by modern discipline? Obviously not.

ALFRED WALTER, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Your article is most timely in the preparatory stage of the U.S. defense effort. As a leader of a Yugoslav guerrilla unit, fighting against Germans and Italians, I had made close contact and study of the same problem.

Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall's findings are most interesting, but do not touch some of the aspects of the issue. On a similar study made, my conclusions were:

1. A soldier will not fire if he feels that he may give away his position, thus endanger his safety.

2. A soldier will use his arms effectively only if he is fully informed about the importance of the action in which he is taking part.

3. The over-all morale build-up had a great effect on the firepower per man. Units which had high morale or "purpose tensions" gave best results.

How to achieve this tension? The military cannot do very much to develop it. It can be done only through the political maturity of the home front, which should give the soldier the clear and true reason for his effort, and ultimately give him strength to face the possibility of supreme sacrifice for his country.

MIODRAG BOZIC, Forest Hills, N.Y.

. . . As American citizens concerned about the moral welfare of our nation as well as about its material well-being, and as members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) concerned about creating the conditions of peace, we feel that we must protest Bill Davidson's article.

We well realize that our position is a minority one and that most Americans today are convinced of the feasibility of obtaining peace in preparing for war. Except to restate our convictions that peaceful ends can be obtained only through peaceful means—thought, patience, conciliation (as distinct from appeasement) and a tirelessly creative faith—we are not here principally concerned with the main body of the article.

It is the brazen embracing of a double standard of religion and morals in the last paragraph that shocks us. And doubly so that the embrace seems to have the sanction of "several clergymen." This is playing fast and loose with morality; this willingness to "lift the curtain of morality and civilization from men's souls to expose the brute beneath" whenever we, as a nation, feel the need to do so appears to us as nothing less than the denial of God.

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, Pasadena, Cal.

Perhaps it would be fairer to the clergyman whom Bill Davidson interviewed to give the entire quotation from which Mr. Taylor has excerpted a phrase: "In a life-and-death struggle, it sometimes is necessary to lift the curtain of morality and civilization from men's souls to expose the brute beneath. But when the crisis is over, if the curtain is old and solidly designed and substantially built, it will easily drop back into place again—to mask the brute forever."

. . . Your article was a poor alibi for those who are charged with the responsibility of making killers out of combat troops.

A combat soldier can't be half civilian and half killer. He's got to be all killer or be killed.

Officers engaged in the business of spawning combat troops must make killers out of them. All combat troops must be killers or they jeopardize their own safety, the lives of their companions, the welfare of their unit, the mission of the fighting force and the honor of their country.

DONALD MCCLURE, Oakland, Cal.

. . . I believe one of the main reasons why so many soldiers fail to shoot is, as stated, because of religious teachings.

Those teachings, affecting the subconscious mind, make the soldier freeze even though his conscious mind may be entirely striving to fight and shoot.

DOUG MCNALLY, Waterloo, Ont., Canada

. . . The phenomenon of the mass nonfire is not new. After the Battle of Gettysburg, hundreds of muskets were picked up which had been loaded 10 or a dozen times—some had powder, rod and ball repeated clear up to the muzzle—but their clean pan showed they had never been fired. This investigation was one factor in inducing the Army to consider breech-loading rifles in place of the muzzle-loading musket.

MARVIN O. ADAMS, Los Altos, Cal.

. . . While in training, the average GI fires his weapon approximately 200 times before facing combat, whereas an Air Force gunner fires weapons of all kinds approximately 25,000 times. Thus, to the latter, firing his weapon becomes "second nature."

I suggest the following remedy:

1. When training starts let the GI fire a minimum of 10 shots daily.

2. On completion of training he should have one month of intensive firing practice—say, roughly 300 rounds daily.

3. Hand-grenade practice should be stepped up also.

JOSEPH M. MCDONALD, Butler, Pa.

. . . It is notorious that in this era of multiplied technical specialization, the Army training program skimps the fundamental business of a soldier: putting his shots where he wants them. Making a virtue of supposed necessity, they maintain the value of mass firing from automatic and semiautomatic weapons.

Recently two returned "intelligence"

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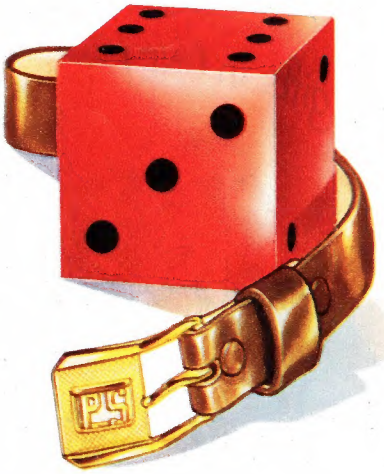
Let's suppose you want to buy a belt but aren't sure of the exact size. "Paris"* makes it easy for you with a fine hand-boarded Cowhide Belt with a special adjustable feature. The Per-fit adjustable belt comes in Average and Large—can be trimmed to his exact *size* in about ten seconds. Priced at $3.50.



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officers sold an article ridiculing our battle equipment—such as "a rifle designed in 1936 and a cartridge from 1903."

Judgment by age might be valid where the conditions of use are changing rapidly. But in resisting force, it is still man against man. The Garand can give a little fast shooting but is not intended to compete with the BAR, mortars, etc. Its best use is for aimed shooting; and when it comes to scope-sniping, the bolt-action single-shot, "designed in 1906," is better (it only takes one bullet in the right place to kill or disable).

EVAR ROSEBERG, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . The article by Bill Davidson interested me because the symptoms of nervous reaction alleged to afflict combat soldiers is so similar to what is known in these parts as "buck fever."

There have been reported instances of hunters who freeze and cannot pull the trigger and others who drop their gun and start chasing the deer, if it is moving.

Certainly inhibitions from infancy concerning training against violation of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," should not influence a hunter against shooting the very game which he set out to bag, especially since I have known the same thing to happen when the quarry was nothing but a rabbit.

A. A. FISHER, Pensacola, Fla.

Co-Educational Piping

EDITOR: Your article, Battle of the Bagpipes (Nov. 8th), on Scottish (male) versus Iowa (female) bagpipers was interesting, but I was disappointed to note that it failed to clear up the age-old mystery: What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?

DANIEL LYNCH, Babylon, N.Y.

It just so happens that we have a picture on hand which we trust will answer reader Lynch's question.

Wrong Helper

EDITOR: In your Color Camera feature, Three Girls in a Tub (Oct. 25th), one of the pictures of Betty Grable is captioned thus: "In skintight suit, Betty climbs into tub. Actress Thelma Ritter (r.) aided with bath."

If you will check, I'm sure you will find that "Actress Thelma Ritter" is really 20th Century-Fox make-up girl Bunny Gardell. She was identified some time ago in a movie magazine, and has assisted Betty in preparing for her screen roles a number of times.

Accordingly, don't both girls deserve Collier's public apologies?

DORIS VON BEHREN, St. Louis, Mo.

Public apologies are hereby offered to Miss Thelma Ritter and Miss Beatrice (Bunny) Gardell for an unfortunate switch in pictures which resulted in a case of mistaken identity.

Bather Grable with Bunny (above) and with actress Thelma (below)

Future of GI Babies

EDITOR: Our belated compliments to Mr. Kalischer for a skillful job done on a delicate issue—Madame Butterfly's Children (Sept. 20th).

As a result of the article I have received letters from quite a number of people willing to adopt one or two of these "GI babies." The sisters at Our Lady of Lourdes Orphanage in Yokohama have received even more of such requests. Now if the State Department were to cut a lot of red tape in these cases and offer us some help through the American Embassy and the consulate here, we could find a nearly ideal solution to their problem and a very inexpensive one too, comparatively speaking.

The ideal solution would be to have Americans living here adopt them, and the State Department to facilitate their entry into the States. The second best solution is to have people in the U.S. adopt them. In either case we need action from the American government.

A small agency like our Catholic Charities in Japan doesn't have the means to settle this matter unaided. So, it seems to me we are justified in asking to have the task made easier. Our Catholic institutions in Japan are caring for 400 of them at the moment. So if we get some signs of life, we should be able to place that number rather readily, it seems to me.

L. H. TIBESAR, M. M., National President, Caritas-Japan, Tokyo, Japan

Dogs and People

EDITOR: In answer to your Answer to Some Letters (Editorial, Nov. 8th) there are many of us out here who just like dogs better than we like people. And that is because dogs, for the most part, have so many of the traits of character we people preach and only dogs practice . . . faith, patience, tolerance, honesty, loyalty.

CHARIS ZEIGLER, Encino, Cal.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Although it will soon be Christmas, we're having some trouble working up a traditional merriment. Perhaps it's because we've been reading too many government reports. They indicate that next year, regardless of our political complexion, we shall be struggling through another of those you-never-bad-it-so-good eras. And, frankly, we don't know whether we can take it. For example, the Department of Agriculture has spent the better part of $100,000 to find out that rich men own more pajamas than poor men, that more than 50 per cent of American males sleep in pajamas and that in cold climates pajamas are more popular than in warm. Gee-whiz surveys like that cost money.

★ ★ ★

If you're a California girl, and report for work with a horse-tail hairdo and your boss doesn't like it, you may be in for a bucket of trouble. Young lady in Los Angeles tried it. Boss said it looked

awful and please change it. Young lady said no. She was fired. State Department of Employment granted her unemployment insurance—$25 a week for 26 weeks. Boss then took the hassel to the Unemployment Insurance Appeals Board, which overruled the lower authority because of her "willful disregard of her employer's interests."

★ ★ ★

Like a fellow, calling himself Nod Pettus, says on a post card from Yreka, California, we live only once, and anybody in this day and age who thinks that's a soft snap ought to try it.

★ ★ ★

Among pre-Christmas cards trickling in is one from Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, who says: "I'm sure enjoying the winter weather you're having up there."

★ ★ ★

Should some wandering miracle worker happen along and ask Mr. Clem Leverlettes what he'd like to see and hear, Mr. Leverlettes would not be caught napping. He'd ask that the late Senator Huey Pierce Long (Dem., Louisiana) be fetched back to Capitol Hill in Washington and take on Senator Joe McCarthy (Rep., Wisconsin) in debate. Debated subject? Who cares? Neither would pay any attention to that nor to his opponent. Neither would listen to the other. Each would accuse the other of crimes not yet invented. Every king that Huey made would be denounced as a Communist, and every Communist Joe created would be awarded (at government expense) a free house and lot from Huey. If the debate lasted a week—just long enough for Joe and Huey to get warmed up—in Soldier Field, Chicago, and if admission were charged, we could put a big hole in our national debt.

★ ★ ★

Looking up from her latest issue of Collier's, Miss Pearly Gates (no kidding) beheld a parked truck across the street in Salem, Oregon. She carefully copied the sign the big Diesel carried on its rear: "I stop for railroads, crossroads, schools, fools, blondes and brunettes. For a redhead, I'll back up."

★ ★ ★

Several of our more persistent contributors disagree with the National Association of Gagwriters that a few carloads of our comedians doing their stuff behind the Iron Curtain would soften up the Commies. And we disagree, too. The Reds are already overloaded with funny guys.

★ ★ ★

Trusting implicitly in our contributors, we don't hesitate to tell you that the preacher in this church in Knox County, Tennessee, had preached for an hour and fifteen minutes. At that point he looked appealingly at the congregation and said: "There, brothers and sisters, you have it. What more can I say?" From a rear pew came a suggestion: "You might try Amen."

★ ★ ★

Belated tourist wandering aimlessly down a northern Michigan road met a native. Told native he was lost. Native asked him whether anyone had offered a reward for him. Belated tourist said no. "In that case, brother," said the native, "you're still lost."

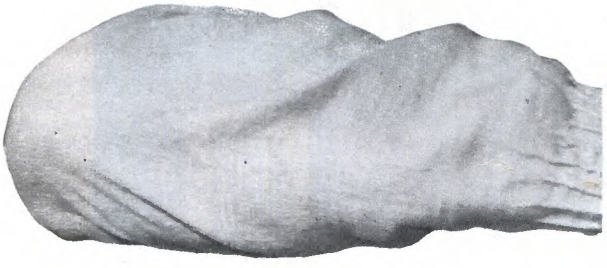
★ ★ ★

If it's a courageous politician you're looking for, we point with awe to the Honorable James Fresques, Denver, Colorado, councilman. Obviously, the man doesn't know what fear is. He's

IRWIN CAPLAN

the sponsor of an ordinance which would restrict all dogs to back yards and imprison or fine all owners of dogs that bark. He must wear a welder's mask when reading his mail.

Something wonderful happens...



when you see. . . .

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
NEW MUSICAL WONDERFILM
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

starring

Danny Kaye

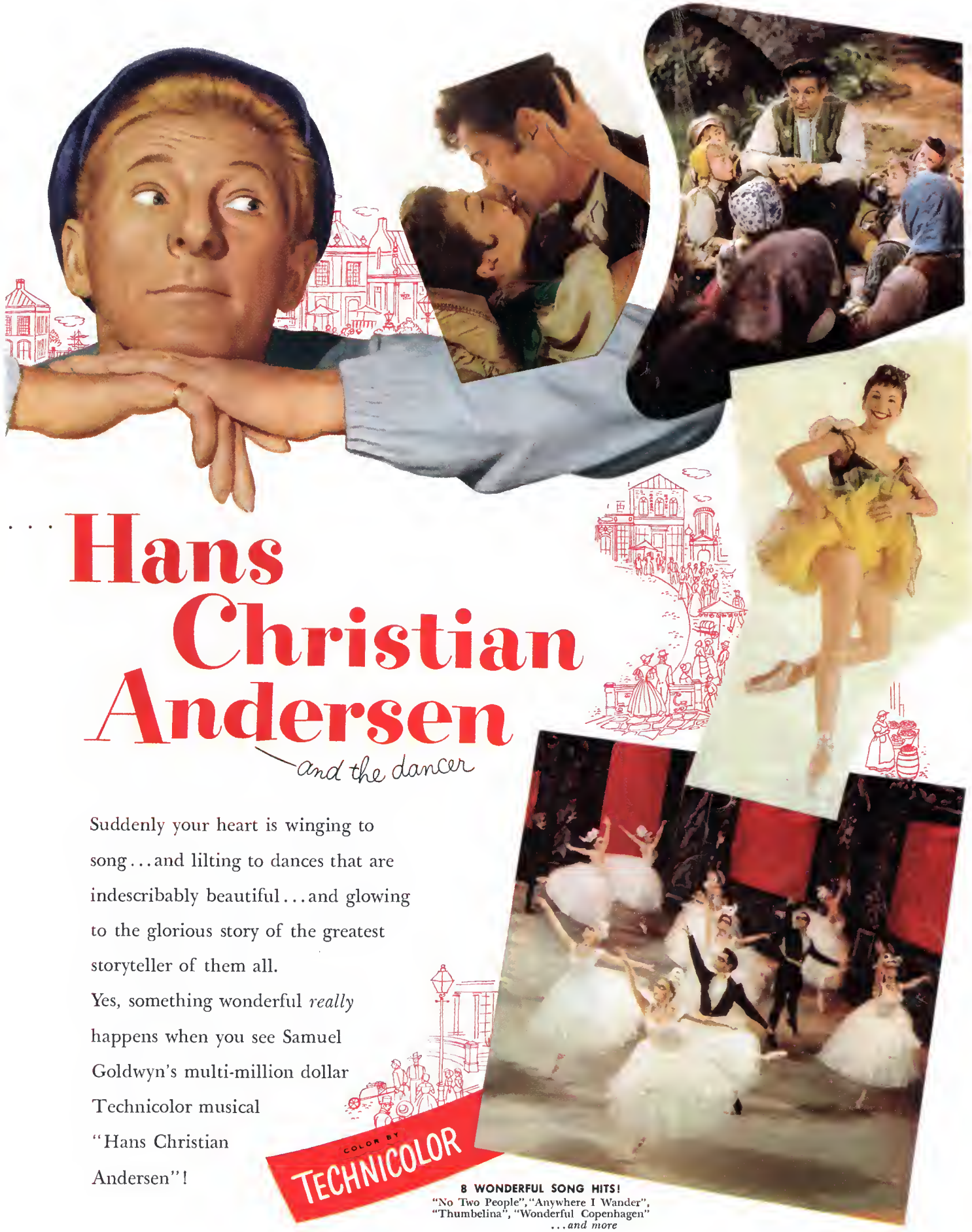
and

FARLEY GRANGER

introducing

JEANMAIRE

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • *Screenplay by* MOSS HART
Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER • *Choreography by* ROLAND PETIT
Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES, Inc.


. . . Hans Christian Andersen
and the dancer
Suddenly your heart is winging to song . . . and lilting to dances that are indescribably beautiful . . . and glowing to the glorious story of the greatest storyteller of them all.
Yes, something wonderful *really* happens when you see Samuel Goldwyn's multi-million dollar Technicolor musical "Hans Christian Andersen"!
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
8 WONDERFUL SONG HITS!
"No Two People", "Anywhere I Wander", "Thumbelina", "Wonderful Copenhagen"
. . . *and more*

THE WONDER OF

his first Christmas

From now on a tree will always mean Christmas . . . gay with tinsel and ornaments . . . cheery with lights and color . . . filling the house with its woodland fragrance.

Here, around this tree, all of us find a welcome sanctuary. Here, on this day, all of us can be grateful for the good fortune that is ours—to be living in a land where men of good-will created a nation free from oppression and with equal rights for all.

Take good care of *your* tree. Don't let any act of yours cause this joyous symbol of Christmas to burst into flame . . . and tragedy.

How to keep your Christmas merry

DO choose a small tree. It's less of a fire hazard. Keep it away from radiators, heaters, fireplace. Use wiring with the "U.L." label. Dispose of gift wrappings promptly *outside* the house. Take your tree down when needles start to fall.

DON'T use cotton, paper or other flammable material for decorations. Don't use candles. Don't use frayed light strings or worn extension cords. Don't overload circuits. Don't leave tree lights burning when you go out. Don't smoke or use matches near your tree.

AN ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE CAPITAL STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 38, N. Y.

CAPITAL STOCK Standard protection COMPANY INSURANCE

In the periscope room of the atomic-powered USS Nautilus, the skipper will direct operations of the deadliest submarine ever planned

AMERICA'S NEW DREADFUL WEAPON

By REAR ADMIRAL HOMER N. WALLIN, USN with JAMES C. DERIEUX
CHIEF, BUREAU OF SHIPS — CHIEF, COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU

It's the first atomic submarine. Here at last is the complete, authoritative story with drawings made from Navy plans. The author is head of the bureau in charge of building the history-making sub

THE deadliest submarine of all time is on the building ways. She will be able to stay at sea, and beneath the surface of the sea, for months without refueling. She will be able to move from continent to continent under arctic ice or equatorial seas without once showing herself. She will dive deeper and travel faster underwater than any submarine ever known.

From a hideaway in the depths of the sea, she will be able to fire acoustic torpedoes which would speed unerringly to their target—a ship on the surface or an enemy submarine—guided by the noise of their quarry's whirring propellers. And, surfacing briefly at night off a distant enemy shore, she would be able to launch guided missiles with atomic war heads at supersonic speed against targets far inland, then silently slide beneath the waves or ice to reappear miles away and launch a new atomic attack.

This awesome weapon carrier for use against potential enemies is the Nautilus (SSN-571), the world's first atomic-powered submarine, now being built for the U.S. Navy at Groton, Connecticut.

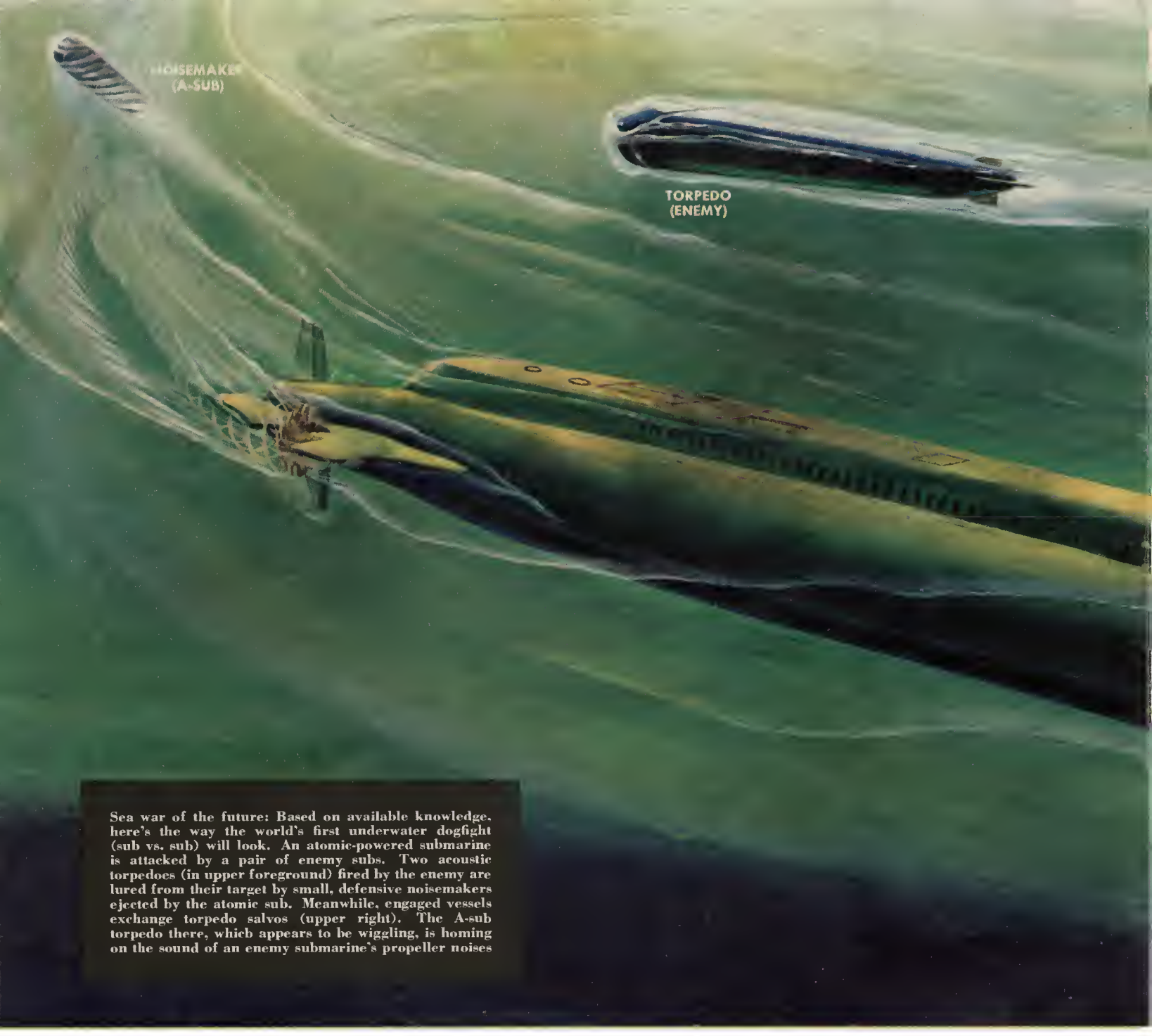
Submarine commanders and crews with long war experience can appreciate the capabilities of this revolutionary vessel. But even they probably cannot yet fully comprehend the astounding advantages the Nautilus and her kind will have over conventional craft.

In World War II many of our submarine commanders found potential targets but lacked speed or endurance to engage them; had to cut short a fight because storage batteries were running down; had to lie quiet on the bottom, lest engine noise reveal their locations to the enemy, or had to await the coming of darkness in order to surface in safety for fresh air.

The commander of the Nautilus will be free of such handicaps. His ship will have speed enough to engage any surface craft and endurance enough to continue the chase indefinitely. He will be able to cruise so deep and silently that an enemy will have great difficulty locating him, and even greater difficulty damaging him. There will be no throbbing of engines, no exhaust bubbles, no surface wakes to disclose his whereabouts. If necessary this vessel can lie utterly still for long periods of time; longer, certainly, than any enemy surface ships are likely to cruise around exposing themselves to the Nautilus' acoustic torpedoes.

Although the fantastic striking ability of nu-

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN



Sea war of the future: Based on available knowledge, here's the way the world's first underwater dogfight (sub vs. sub) will look. An atomic-powered submarine is attacked by a pair of enemy subs. Two acoustic torpedoes (in upper foreground) fired by the enemy are lured from their target by small, defensive noisemakers ejected by the atomic sub. Meanwhile, engaged vessels exchange torpedo salvos (upper right). The A-sub torpedo there, which appears to be wiggling, is homing on the sound of an enemy submarine's propeller noises

clear-powered submarines makes them ideal attack vessels, they can be built to perform nearly every kind of fleet operation. They can be used as mine layers, ammunition carriers and picket ships, as transports for landing commandos and carrying underwater demolition teams, as rocket firing vessels to cover landings, as rescue vessels to take parties of refugees off enemy shores, as weather reporters and hidden watchers of enemy ports. Anything a conventional submarine can do, an atomic-powered submarine should do better. Their speed, deep diving capacity, freedom from any need to surface for air or for fuel will extend their capabilities in war.

But we like to think that the nuclear submarine, even though it is designed primarily for attack, is the forerunner of nuclear power for many peacetime purposes.

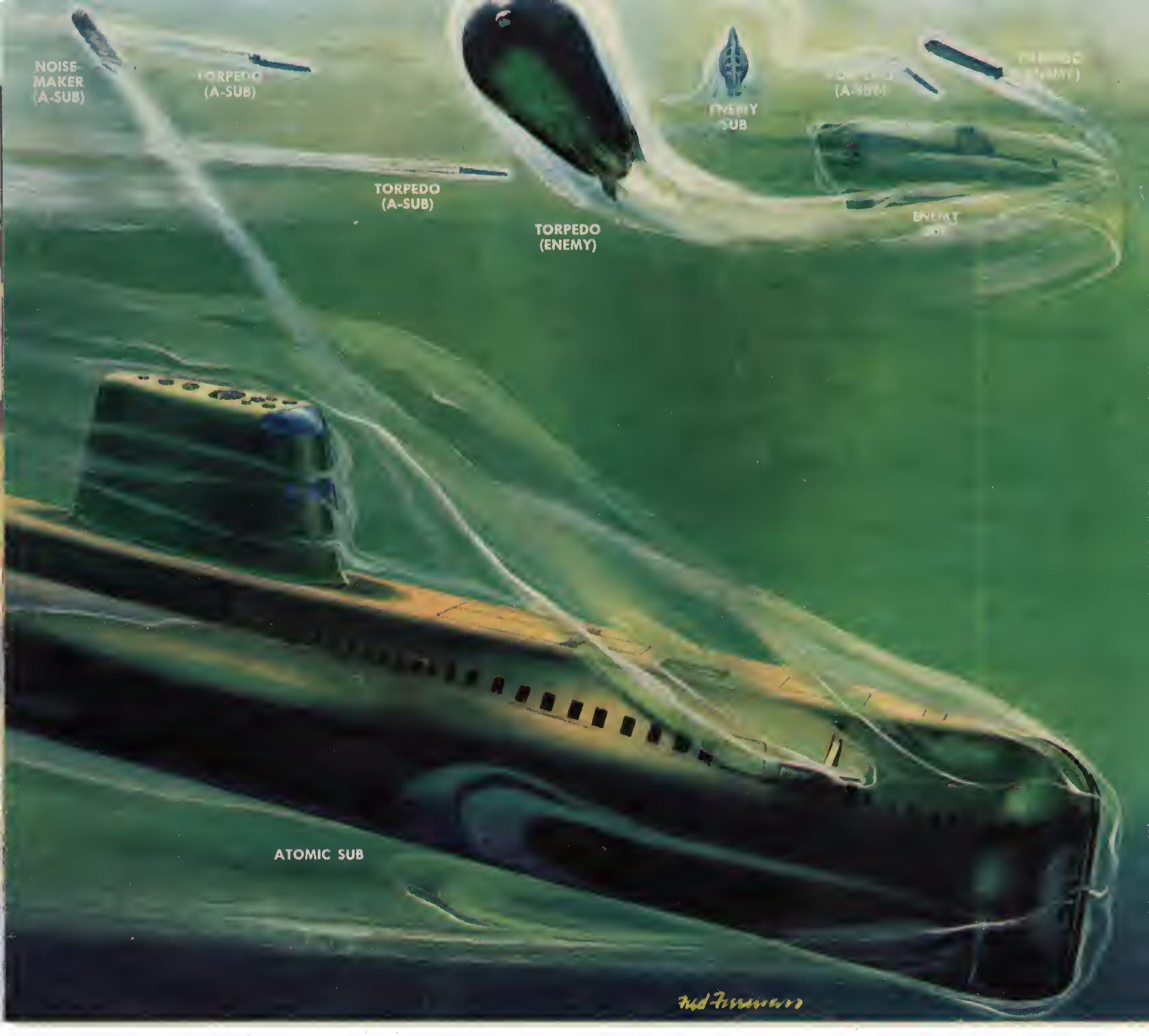
At the keel laying of the Nautilus at Groton last June 14th, President Truman declared, "This vessel is the forerunner of atomic-powered merchant ships and airplanes, of atomic power plants producing electricity for factories, farms and homes. The day that the propellers of this new submarine first bite into the water and drive her forward will be the most momentous day in the field of atomic science since that first flash of light down in the desert seven years ago."

In outside appearance the Nautilus will be somewhat similar to recent conventional submarines, but with a smooth skin to facilitate her submerged travel. The shape of her prow also differs from that of her conventional sisters, because she will spend so little time on the surface. It will be blunt —rather than knifelike as on other submarines, which spend more time on the surface than under it—and for good reasons. Resistance to movement is greatest at the surface, where air and water meet. As a result, ships theoretically can travel much faster below the surface than on it.

A surface vessel, or a submarine moving on the surface, creates a wave and must push that wave so long as the vessel is in motion. This force, plus water and air friction, causes more resistance than is encountered by a submarine moving submerged. In general, surface vessels are given sharp prows to minimize the resistance. But a bulbous bow lessens friction beneath the surface since it permits a smooth flow of water around the hull. To the greatest degree possible all projections from the hull of the Nautilus will be portable or retractable, from masts, torpedo derricks and capstans to cleats. It is probable too that all deck armament—rocket or missile launchers for instance—will be retractable, or completely streamlined to pass smoothly through the water.

In her power plant and some of her instruments the Nautilus will differ radically from her predecessors. Her heart will be a nuclear reactor, surrounded by heavy shielding to protect the crew from deadly radiation. The shielding will be supplemented by a detection system to locate and give warning of any radioactivity.

Controlled nuclear fission will generate great power in the form of heat, which will be taken away by pure water pumped at high pressure through a boiler. In the boiler the heat will be transferred from the distilled water, or primary coolant, to what is known as the feed water, which in turn is converted into steam. This steam will turn the main propulsion turbines connected with the propeller shaft. Steam will also run the turbo-



generators to make electric current for varied uses within the ship. Finally, the condensed steam will be pumped back through the boiler, and the cycle will start again. The water used as coolant in this process must be purified to remove all chemical and metal impurities or particles. They would become radioactive if left in.

Two alternate power systems will be aboard the Nautilus. If for maintenance or other reasons the crew wished to shut down the atom-fired steam plant, the submarine could run on Diesel electric engines or batteries. (Diesel engines customarily are used for cruising on the surface or, with the aid of a snorkel breathing tube, just beneath the waves. Batteries provide power for conventional submarines at greater depths.)

The gauges, switches and meters of all three power systems will be grouped at the control station in the engine room and are normally manned by only four men under a chief petty officer.

Since the Nautilus will be operating most of the time beneath the surface, she will also have special electronics equipment to enable her to cruise through the depths with sonar devices, which will bristle in all directions from the sub's skin. Sonar operates on the basic principle of the echo. Sound waves are sent through the water and are echoed back to the sender when they strike an underwater barrier. Distance is determined by the time required for this bounce-back, or echo.

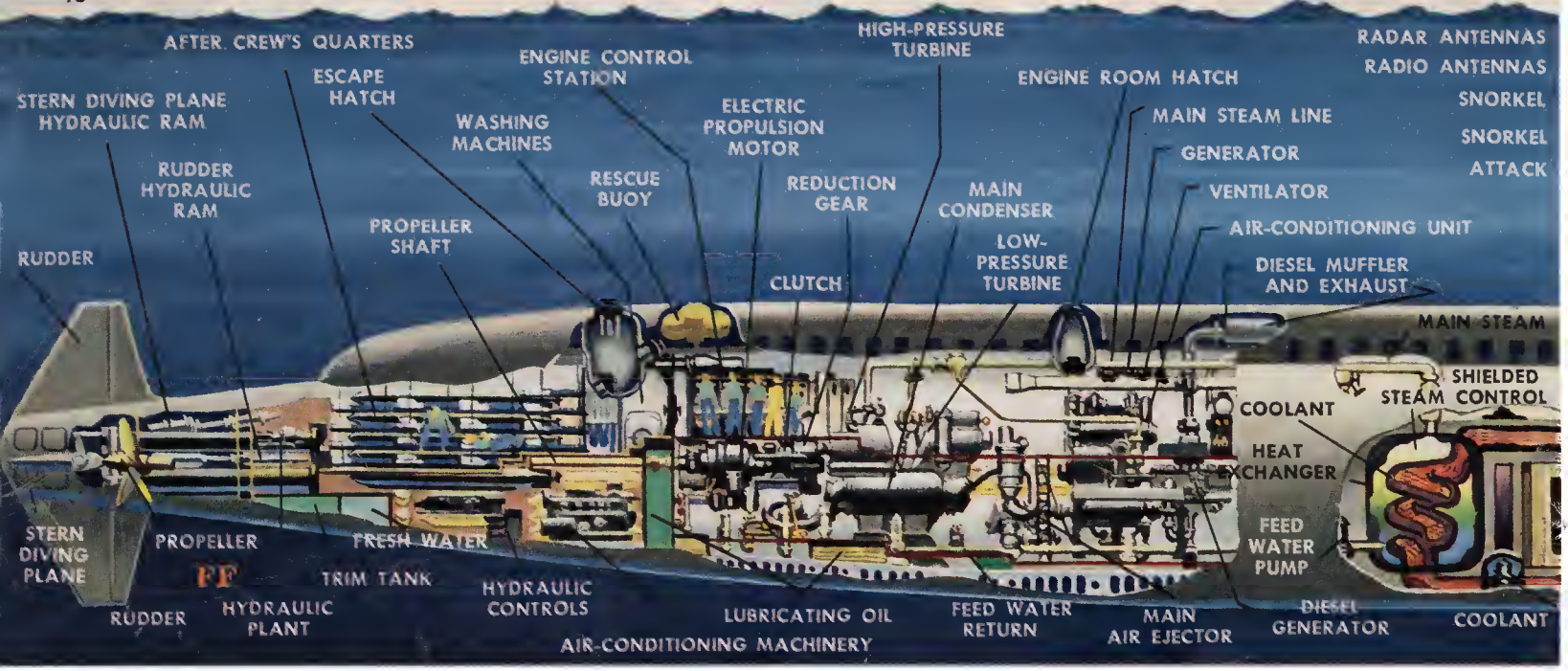
Atomic power will enable the Nautilus to stay indefinitely beneath the surface without refueling. But how will the crew breathe if the submarine remains submerged weeks or even months? To begin with, the Nautilus will carry her own air supply in the form of high-pressure oxygen kept in storage.

Then the Bureau of Ships is working on a device to take oxygen from water. It may be ready in time for installation aboard the Nautilus. And the submarine also will carry a snorkel breathing tube of the kind installed on conventional submarines today.

Carbon dioxide will be absorbed out of the air by a suitable chemical, such as lithium hydroxide, and odors will be filtered out through charcoal screens. Members of the crew may smoke, as in other submarines. Activated charcoal will take out practically all the odor, and what are known as Precipitrons will remove smoke particles from the air so they will not harm the crew or damage delicate electronic devices. Garbage and other refuse will be ejected through a tube.

But a plentiful air supply is only one of the human problems that the Navy is attempting to solve in its first Atomic Age submarine. It also is adopting every measure so far devised to lessen nervous tension and irritability; men can be strained to the breaking point relatively quickly when they are confined in close quarters where day and night have no meaning, where there is no sense of progressive motion, and where only the vessel's log will tell a man whether he is under arctic ice or the warmest waters of the South Pacific.

The interior of the atom-powered submarine will be as pleasant and habitable as it possibly can be made, with air conditioning, special eye-resting color designs, an adequate library, tables for small-space games of many kinds, a motion-picture outfit, phonographs with a large collection of records, writing space, the best food the Navy knows how to buy and prepare, a table always set with tasty



Cutaway shows location of the Nautilus' important uuits. Sub runs on atomic power, Diesel generators or batteries. The basic atomic power, heat

snack items for between-meals munching, a coffee urn steaming around the clock.

In her food-storage compartments, the Nautilus will carry precut meat to eliminate surplus fat and other inedible parts. Canned fried bacon, a relatively new Navy dish, also will be part of the food supply. It needs only warming in an oven or dipping in hot fat before serving. Canned whole milk will be carried; it stays fresh at ordinary temperatures for six months or more. Eggs will be frozen or powdered, whicb means the crew will have to eat their eggs scrambled. However, experiments are under way to freeze eggs, so that they may be served sunny side up. All flours will be ready mixed. It is estimated tbat 30 per cent of storage space is saved by foods thus prepared in advance for submarine use.

The Bureau of Ships has been striving to make submarines more comfortable ever since the end of World War II. But it is not anticipated that there will be any difficulty maintaining composure and efficiency in the crew. The submariner always has what it takes, witb something to spare. In 1950 the USS Pickerel traveled under water 5,600 miles from Hong Kong to Pearl Harbor. Throughout the 21 days of tbe voyage, tbe Pickerel got her air tbrough a snorkel. The only glimpse crew members had of daylight or stars at night was through the periscope. But there was no extraordinary strain on the crew. They took the experimental trip as just another voyage across the ocean, even a pleasant one.

The Navy recently authorized new important tests at its Groton, Connecticut, base to determine the living requirements of men when aboard a long-submerged submarine. Twenty volunteer seamen and a medical officer will be confined in the submarine Haddock of the reserve fleet for a period of several weeks.

This project, called Operation Hideout, is expected to supply information on the exact percentage of carbon dioxide in the air that men can tolerate for long periods of time, the best foods for men thus confined, and generally the kind of environment under wbich they can work effectively and happily.

Even on a conventional submarine, a crewman must have a stable temperament, be emotionally mature and have the physical stamina to live for long periods in cramped quarters, where lights burn day and night and a maze of valves, gauges, pipes and machinery surround him. He must be able to get along with himself and with his companions. He has little privacy. He must sleep in bunks which hang an inch or so above torpedoes, while other men work alongside. He must stand watch, four hours on, eight hours off. It is a life of crowded quarters and monotony. The same prospect is in store for the crew of the Nautilus, but with the difference that the underwater patrols will be even longer.

I cannot say, and really do not know, when the Nautilus will be completed and join the fleet. Or even how much she will finally cost. The Navy has set aside about $30,000,000 for the job, exclusive of the nuclear reactor power plant, which will be furnished by the Atomic Energy Commission.

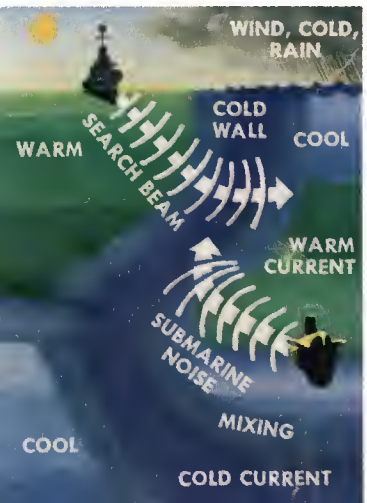
Even though the submarine is still on the construction ways at the yards of the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics Corporation in Groton, some of the technical members of her prospective crew—mostly engineering men—have been training for their job for two years.

Numerous other Navy officers and men already have asked to be assigned to the Nautilus. The final selection will be made by the Bureau of Naval Personnel. Her complement will be somewhat larger than the present-day fleet-type submarine, which carries 70 or more men. Ordinary crew members will not require any special additional training if they transfer from other submarines.

The building of the Nautilus actually began long before the keel-laying last June. When World War II ended, scientists and engineers in private industry and in the armed forces eagerly debated the possibility of using atomic energy for other than explosive purposes. The Navy, naturally, thought of atomic energy as a force for the propulsion of ships, and early studies indicated that a power plant for a submarine offered tbe most promise.

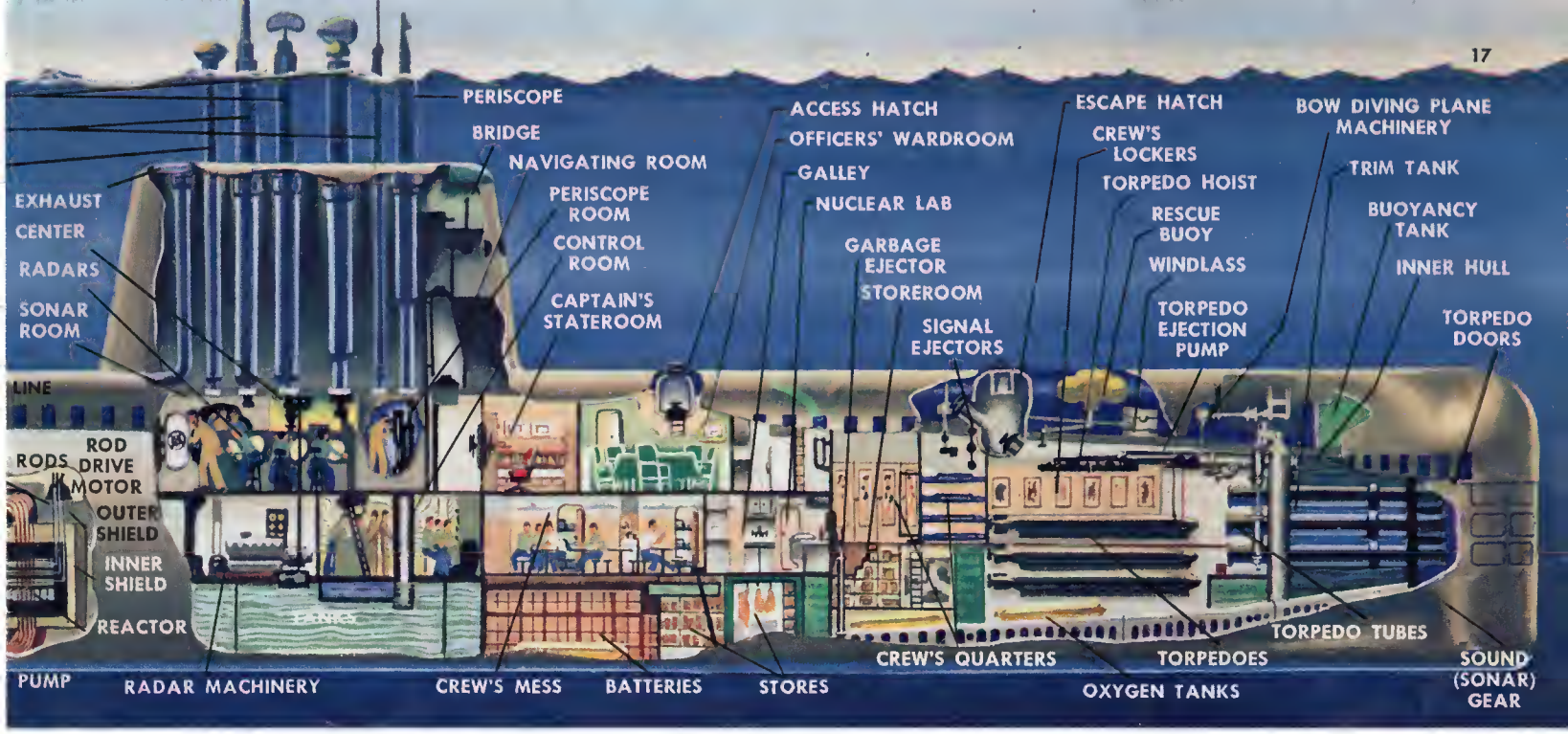
Studies begun by the wartime Manhattan Engineer District were continued and expanded by the Atomic Energy Commission at Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee, the Argonne National Laboratory at Chicago, the Atomic Energy Commission's National Nuclear Reactor Testing Station located in Idaho, General Electric, Westinghouse and other interested and competent organizations. All have been moving swiftly toward the creation of nuclear power plants under the direction of or in collaboration with the AEC.

With data concerning the reactor and machinery weights, sizes and arrangements furnished by Argonne and Westinghouse, the Bureau of Sbips was



Composite diagram (l.) shows differing water densities that are caused in part by surface temperatures and warm and cold currents below the surface. Sucb variations in density give subs natural "hiding" places and chances for evasive tactics. Density variations deflect sound-search beams from surface vessels and any sound waves caused by submarine noises

World of the submariner (r.) covers over 70 per cent of the earth's surface. Red line is a hypothetical continental defense frontier to suggest variety of operating conditions (from the arctic to the equator) under wbich atomic subs will be patrolling. The general contours of the ocean floor and a number of ocean "deeps" are marked on the globe. The arctic regions, which are almost completely covered by snow and ice in winter, are at the top. Blue line indicates permanent icecap



provided by reactor, is transferred to steam which turns turbines that drive propeller shaft

able to prepare a preliminary design for the Nautilus. It, in turn, was developed in more detail by the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics, long the leading private shipyard engaged in the design and construction of submarines.

The nuclear designers at Westinghouse and Argonne faced one problem entirely new to submarines—how to arrange and support the extremely heavy shielding around the reactor to protect the crew. Combined efforts of physicists, engineers and ship designers finally found the solution.

Other problems included the need for steel of a special kind. And as a matter of fact, almost all items associated with the reactor are of unconventional design. For example, somebody had to—and did—develop a pump that, operating with a radioactive fluid, does not leak a drop.

The progress made in nuclear-power research during recent years and the design progress made on the Nautilus were great enough to convince the Atomic Energy Commission and the Bureau of Ships that it is not only practicable but desirable to start work on a second nuclear-powered submarine. Congress authorized the step last July, and a contract for construction has been awarded the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics. This second ship will be named the Sea Wolf, after a famed submarine of World War II. It will be similar to the Nautilus but not a sister ship. It, too, will be experimental, built partly for evaluation of nuclear-power ship propulsion.

The Sea Wolf will have a different type of power plant, using what is known as an intermediate reactor. In place of pure water as the coolant, the Sea Wolf will use liquid metal as a medium for transferring heat from the reactor to the steam generator. The AEC is building a land-based prototype of this second nuclear power plant at West Milton, New York, with General Electric as the contractor.

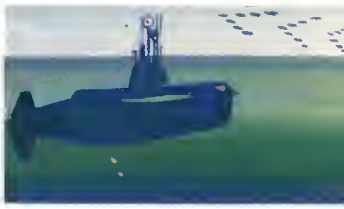
In addition to these two submarines, the AEC has announced that it is developing a nuclear power plant suitable for use in a large ship, such as an aircraft carrier. The Bureau of Ships is proceeding accordingly.

All this progress in the direction of power plants operated by atomic energy means that the United States Navy is at the beginning of a new era, possibly as different from the old as steam differed from sail. It means, too, that atomic energy, developed for war, can be used to bring into being a new era of industrial development, comparable to and perhaps surpassing in agreeable living values the era that came with the development of the internal combustion engine.

If we can only have peace in the world for a few years, life will be more comfortable and more rewarding than ever before.

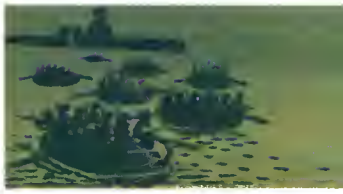
MISSIONS

The atomic submarine will be able to circle the world many times without having to refuel. The sub's stay at sea virtually is limited only by the endurance of her crew



Nautilus is equipped to provide long-range defensive protection for the U.S. Multiple radar—for example—will make air-warning picket duty possible when far from home

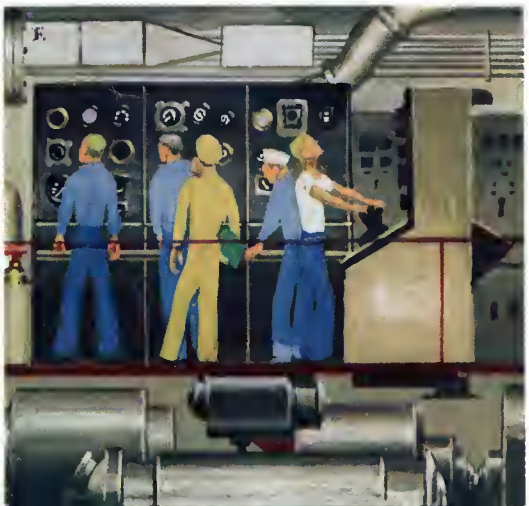
The range and size of A-sub permits secret underwater travel to enemy borders. From there it can launch its guided missiles to destroy vital targets which lie far inland



In addition to new accomplishments, Nautilus can improve on standard sub duties. Here, A-sub discharges equipment and men on a special mission into enemy territory

Ideally suited to deliver underwater demolition teams, atomic submarine is able to recover its crews after the men have done their explosive work, and silently steal away

Under the dangerous arctic ice, the Nautilus can move along with assurance. The A-sub is guided by sonar which determines the location of outside objects by gauging sound echoes



Only four men under chief petty officer are at Engine Control Station. The three facing panel operate nuclear reactor and propulsion machinery; other executes maneuver orders

Diving and Steering Control Station centers ship control in one unit. Operator on left is helmsman. Other two run diving devices. Officer oversees sub's course, speed, depth

The DREAM of the

Mama had a dream. It meant great joy—or bitter sorrow. Because she believed

BLACK HORSE

it, she was afraid. Because she loved us, she prayed

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

NO MATTER what Mama's dream was, Dodo Ferrante's mother, who owned all those paper-backed dream books, always gave it some kind of favorable interpretation. To Mama, dreaming was a sign of a fuller life; it was a consolation to know that she was alive even as she slept. Even a nightmare could make Mama feel a little better the next morning.

But one morning Mama got the scare of her life.

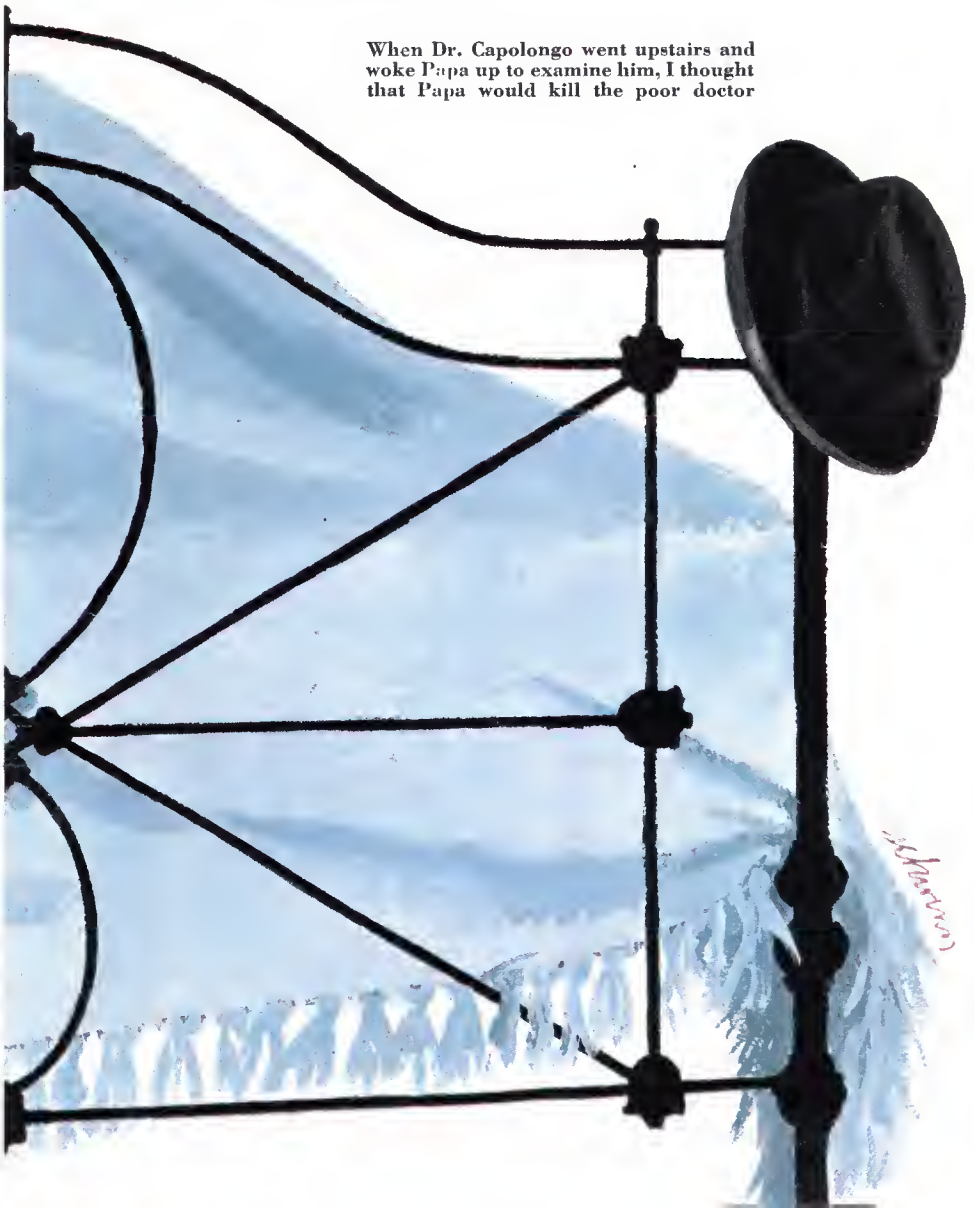
It was one of those winter mornings when the freezing temperature put high, cream hats on the milk bottles out in the hallway. When I woke up and heard Mama singing in the kitchen, I knew right away that she had had a good night, a dreamy night. After dressing, and shaking my kid brother Natale awake, I went into the kitchen.

Papa was sitting at the table, home from the early morning shape-up at the docks. His longshoring hook, his big-checked Mackinaw and his brown felt hat, wet with melted snowflakes, were all hanging on the door. He was drinking hot coffee out of a soup bowl. Mama was at the sink, filling a pot, the water champing in icy gurgles through the frozen pipes. Smiling over her shoulder at Papa, she said, "Patsy, you know what I'm dream last night?"

Papa didn't care. It was cold, and he had got up at five thirty in the morning to shape up with the longshoring crew in the cold street, stamping the numbness out of his feet in the falling snow, cursing the gray skies, and, with the other men, watching and hoping for the freighters to pull into the slip. But not one showed up. Two hours later the stevedore boss told them all to try again later in the day. Papa said, "Make the kids their breakfast—and get them off to school."

Mama laughed. "It's Saturday."

"So make the oatmeal," Papa said, kicking off his shoes. "And no bother me with your dreams. I'm tired."



When Dr. Capolongo went upstairs and woke Papa up to examine him, I thought that Papa would kill the poor doctor

"It was a funny dream," Mama said, thinking about it. "I don't know what it means."

Papa yawned. "It means nothing. It means you should go to bed earlier. I go to bed early and I never dream."

"I see Mrs. Ferrante after," Mama said.

But Papa didn't hear her because he was already asleep in the chair, not dreaming.

THE snow was falling in wild flurries when Mama and I walked down the street to Dodo's house. As soon as Mrs. Ferrante opened the door and saw us shaking the snow off our hats and coats, she rushed to the stove to reheat the pot of coffee. Opening her coat and unwinding the scarf around her neck, Mama sat down at the table and blew her warm breath into her hands.

"Where's Dodo?" I asked.

"He's go the store," Mrs. Ferrante said.

"Which one?"

"He'll be right back, Joey. Sit down and get warm," Mrs. Ferrante said, rubbing her hands briskly together. I sat down on the window ledge, looking up and down the street for my friend Dodo. The skies were fog-colored, loaded with snow. A strong wind was blowing, and it skimmed the tops of the snowbanks, sending powdery swirls along the sides of the houses. I walked to the stove, standing with my back against it.

Mrs. Ferrante poured two cups of coffee. "Well, Maria, what did you dream last night?" She smiled at Mama, a gold tooth lighting up her mouth. A turban of dish towel was wrapped around her hair, which was parted tight down the middle and gathered behind her neck in a black bun. She sat down next to Mama, warming her hands around the hot cup of coffee. She looked like she was coaxing a crystal ball.

"It was a funny dream," Mama said.

Mrs. Ferrante nodded, waiting for Mama to go on with her story.

"It was about a black horse—" Mama began, but as soon as she spoke the last two words, Mrs. Ferrante sprang back from the table as though she had spilled her coffee and was moving away to keep from getting scalded. At the same time she sucked in her breath. "Black?"

"What is it?" Mama asked, looking worried.

"You sure it was black?" Mrs. Ferrante asked.

Mama tried to say something, but the best she could do was to twitch her lips without sound.

"Black is bad," Mrs. Ferrante said, shaking her head. She came forward in the chair again, patting Mama's hand to tell her to be brave. "Tell me the whole dream, and we see what it's all about."

It was going bad. Things weren't turning out as Mama expected, and she spoke nervously, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "It was a black horse, a big one like the iceman's, and this black horse was jumping over a white fence—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Ferrante jumped up, her turban almost toppling off her head, her earrings jangling against her cheeks. "Maria, are you sure the fence was white?"

Now Mama was more terrified than ever. "Sure—sure the fence was white."

"O grazie, mio Dio!" Mrs. Ferrante thanked God.

"It's not bad?" Mama said, hopefully.

"The black horse is bad," Mrs. Ferrante said, fixing the turban on her *(Continued on page 69)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

Would You Share Your Home

The Tuckers did. They took in six patients as part of a foster-home

IN a six-room house in the semirural community of Hayward, California, a middle-aged couple named Mr. and Mrs. Claude Tucker has been living quietly with a manic depressive, a mental defective, an alcoholic psychotic, an involutional paranoid and two schizophrenics.

The Tuckers aren't afraid they will be murdered in their sleep. They don't lock up the knives and forks; the windows aren't barred; the place doesn't sound like a small bedlam.

Mrs. Tucker's chief problem, in fact, is simply that with eight adults in the house "it's cook, cook, cook from morning till night," while Mr. Tucker's major complaint is that every time he wants to shower or to shave himself the bathroom seems to be occupied.

It's true that one of the Tuckers' roomers is a sweet old lady who believes her glance can kill, so never looks at you when she talks, and another who holds long conversations with her dead sweetheart. But, on the whole, the four women and two men now living at the Tuckers are as congenial a group as you'll find. They keep their own rooms clean, help Mrs. Tucker with the housework, go on errands to the store, visit with the neighbors and play with the Tuckers' eight-year-old granddaughter, Becky Suoja, when she comes over. Walk into the house any evening and like as not you'll find all six roomers sitting around the living room watching TV. You might say they're like part of the family—and you'd be right.

They are living with the Tuckers under a state-sponsored "family care" program in which mental hospital patients who for some reason cannot go back to their own homes are allowed to live with private families. Today, there are at least 5,000 patients in 16 states living out in foster homes under this program—patients still mentally ill but not in need of hospitalization, psychotics not dangerous to themselves or others, retarded children, senile old people. Some are on the road to recovery; others will never get well.

Relatively new in this country, the family-care program dates back to the Middle Ages in Gheel, Belgium, where, according to legend, an Irish princess named Dymphna was beheaded by her mad father for spurning his advances. Stories of miraculous cures of insanity at the shrine of Saint Dymphna drew the deranged from all over Europe, and the people of Gheel began taking the pilgrims in. To this day one fifth of the Belgian city's population consists of mentally ill people. A newcomer to Gheel may be startled by the dislocated movements and vacant stare of someone walking down the street, but the inhabitants, even the children, pass by without a second glance.

In the last two years the Hayward-Castro Valley community where the Tuckers live—20 miles east of San Francisco—has sort of become an American Gheel. It wasn't planned that way, for social-welfare officials in this country prefer not to concentrate mental patients in any one area, but in Hayward the program simply mushroomed. One "caretaker," as the families who take in patients are called, literally led to another.

The Tuckers, for example, heard about family care from the woman around the corner, who has five patients in her home. That woman had heard about it from a friend in church, who heard about it from the daughter of a caretaker, who heard about it from her next-door neighbor, who heard about it from a friend whose son-in-law is the butcher for the seventy-two-year-old woman who was the first person in Hayward to take in mental patients. Today, there are 20 caretakers caring for almost 100 mentally ill patients in the community, and new neighbors are joining the program every week.

It took Mrs. Tucker about a year to make up her mind. A slight, red-haired, fiftyish Texan, she had been family breadwinner since her husband, a master carpenter, became an invalid 10 years ago. Caring for people in her own home, instead of going out to work, seemed like a good idea.

"But frankly I was doubtful at first," she says. "I asked a lot of questions. Should I hide the matches? Did they get violent? What should I do if they got sick? Things like that.

"But then I saw how it was working out at Mrs. Saunders' around the corner, and after a few visits there I realized that those people are just like anyone else. I thought to myself, 'There but for the grace of God go I.' "

The Tuckers are Jehovah's Witnesses. Although neither put it into words—they are quiet, stern people—they felt it would be following the teachings of the Bible, as well as a partial solution to their financial problem, to take these mental patients in. Having made their decision, they set about doing it right. Mr. Tucker built on two extra bedrooms. Mrs. Tucker arranged to do dressmaking and baby sitting for the neighbors to supplement her husband's $60 a month VA pension. She received $70 a month from California for each patient.

To feed eight grown people on a total income of $520 a month, Mrs. Tucker enlarged her garden. She planted corn where the roses were and beans in place of the sweet peas. By the time November, 1951, and the first of her six patients arrived, she had enough food canned to last all of them all winter.

She was still quite nervous when her first patient came—Jack, a young fellow in his twenties with gleaming dark eyes and a habit of plucking at his face when he talked. A problem child, Jack had been picked up for several offenses—including setting fire to the schoolhouse—before, at age thirteen, he was diagnosed as a schizophrenic and sent to the state mental hospital for 9 years. When he left he could have gone home, but his mother said: "He's always been odd. We can't handle him." So he was sent to a family-care home.

Mrs. Claude Tucker serves dinner to her husband and some of the mental cases who reside with them. As caretaker for patients, she keeps a relaxed, easy routine in the house

The Man Who Was Crazy About Trains

Jack loved railroads; they were the passion of his life. While in the hospital he learned of a train fan club in town and got permission to attend meetings. The other members never knew he was a mental patient. The morning Jack arrived at the Tuckers, he took a look around and said ecstatically, "It's perfect! Just like home. And look —TWO railroad tracks!" (The Southern Pacific runs past Mrs. Tucker's house.)

"After that," she recalls, "I stopped worrying."

Five patients followed Jack into the Tucker home. The six were an oddly assorted group.

There was Sally, a beautiful young ex-model whose manner was so calm and conversation so lucid that Mrs. Tucker couldn't believe there was anything wrong with her. Sally had been an alcoholic psychotic. She no longer drank, but Mrs. Tucker discovered that Sally couldn't remember from one meal to the next how many plates went on the table, and that she wouldn't walk to the corner store for fear she would forget the way back. Sally had been in the hospital only a year.

with a Mental Case?

By MICHELA ROBBINS

program for the mentally ill. What happened then surprised even them

Like Jack, she could have gone home, but her parents were dead.

Then there was James, a middle-aged man witb light-brown hair and mild blue eyes who smiled pleasantly enough but never said anything to anyone. The only thing wrong with James that Mrs. Tucker could see was that be received messages from aeroplanes. He would stand outside waving his arms at tbem as they flew over the house. James's family would have been glad to take him back, but the hospital felt tbat there remained too many of the tensions which had caused his original breakdown. So they recommended a family-care bome instead.

Rosita, a dark-haired girl in her teens, had been abandoned as a haby. She had lived first in an orphan asylum, then in a bome for mental defectives, then in the state mental hospital. In all ber 17 years, Mrs. Tucker's was the first home Rosita had ever known.

Talking with Her Dead Boy Friend

Mary was the only one who looked as if she might belong in an institution. A thin girl with stringy black hair, her neck cords bulged when she became excited, and she would clench her fist and shake it ferociously, sometimes hitting herself in the face. She had a habit of talking to her dead sweetheart Joe as if he were still in the room. It was a bit frigbtening at first. But Mary turned out to have a sweet and gentle nature, and Mrs. Tucker grew quite fond of her.

Finally there was Louise, a short stocky woman in her sixties, who wore ber iron-gray hair in bangs straight across her forehead. A member of a wealthy pioneer family in California, Louise had lived like a Bohemian, but had never been considered anything more than a hit queer hy ber family or neighbors until the day she marched down the street witb a broom over her shoulder crying, "Be prepared! Tbere will be an atom attack!"

Now Louise, no longer worried about atom bombs, contends that she bad never been sick at all, that her family had tricked her into the hospital. But sbe did have, Mrs. Tucker decided, an unconscionable number of bodily ills.

Some caretakers establish a strict regime for meals, batbs and household chores (patients are encouraged to work around the house if they are able, altbough it is not required), but from the beginning Mrs. Tucker slipped into an easy, relaxed routine. She works in the garden until she hears her "family" stirring, then goes in to cook breakfast.

After breakfast, two of the women clear the table and do the dishes, while the other two dust and sweep and clean tbe bathroom. They are then free to watch TV or visit with the neighbors or walk down to the corner store. Patients receive $5 a month spending money from the state, or up to $15 from their families if they have any. Louise likes to paint. Sally picks flowers and arranges them about the house. Mary takes time out from ber conversations with "Joe" to crochet and embroidcr; already she has done enough dresser tops, hand towels and antimacassars to last the entire bousehold the rest of their lives.

Somewhat to her own surprise, Mrs. Tucker found herself able to help in her patients' problems, and when tbey showcd improvement she began bragging to the neighbors. Sometimes the improvement was marked and dramatic.

Rejectcd and unloved all his life, Jack blossomed under tbe affection and interest shown him in his new bome. At first his response was some-

Mrs. Tucker and her granddaughter, Becky Suoja, chat with two patients. Hayward, Calif., where the Tuckers live, has mushroomed into a large foster-home center for mental cases

Patients are treated as naturally as possible. They play with the animals, visit with neighbors and even go shopping. State pays the Tuckers seventy dollars monthly per case

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH

"Sometimes I think the force of human kindness can do things no psychiatrist can"

what wearisome; he clung to Mrs. Tucker like a two-year-old, insisted on perpetually talking about trains, and, the moment he heard an engine whistle, would drop everything and dash out to see the trains go by.

In all his life Jack had never completed a task, but Mrs. Tucker decided to take a chance, and asked him to help in the garden. In a few weeks Jack was digging away steadily, and after a month he took complete charge of one section. Pleased with her results, Mrs. Tucker said casually one morning, "One of our neighbors down the street is looking for someone to take care of her yard," and the next morning Jack had himself a job.

But the most startling development was the morning Jack sat down to breakfast, like Mr. Tucker, with the morning paper. For at twenty-two Jack had been so emotionally damaged that he had never been able to read or write more than the most elementary words.

Jack's prognosis had been poor at the hospital. Doctors there had felt that he probably never would be able to take care of himself. But after watching his increasing stability and calmness at Mrs. Tucker's, the hospital's visiting social worker arranged for him to get farm training under California's vocational rehabilitation program. There is a good chance that Jack may eventually become a self-supporting, self-sufficient citizen.

Girl Conquers Fear of Men

There were other changes, equally gratifying, at the Tuckers'. When Rosita first came, the girl was so frightened of the men in the house that she couldn't sit at the same table with them. Every night Mrs. Tucker optimistically would set a place for Rosita; every night Rosita would pick up her plate and carry it into the kitchen. And then one night there was Rosita, eating with the rest of them.

Louise walked in one day with the announcement that she had just registered to vote. "Furthermore," she declared, "I have found myself an apartment in town."

Mrs. Tucker checked with the social worker. "If she had enough initiative to find herself a place, she'll be able to take care of herself," was the verdict. "We'll keep in touch with her, and her family can support her. Sure—let her go."

The transformation from a helpless, dependent patient to a more stable, independent human being is something which happens quite often in family-care homes. Even chronic patients who have been in state institutions for 30 or 40 years show amazing and unexpected improvement in the placid, friendly atmosphere of their new homes. Officials cannot explain why exactly, except that, as Nathan Sloate, Chief of Social Service for the California State Department of Mental Hygiene, puts it: "These caretakers use common sense, interest and love. I sometimes think the force of human kindness can accomplish things no psychiatrist can."

Of course not everything went smoothly at the Tuckers'. Mary was always forgetting when it was her turn to clean the bathroom. Sally smoked in bed, which made Mrs. Tucker nervous about fires. James began bringing home rocks which he insisted were of inestimable value and stored them under his bed. To handle these problems Mrs. Tucker consults with the social worker, who visits her frequently. One evening a month she meets with the other caretakers and the social worker over coffee and doughnuts.

At a recent meeting these problems were discussed: whether Mrs. Tucker should let her eight-year-old granddaughter play with the patients (unanimous verdict—Yes, of course!); what to do about a patient going AWOL; how to control a woman who throws everything she can get her hands on into the trash can ("I just go out every night and bring it all back into the house," sighed her caretaker); what to do about planned recreation; how to get more variety in the menus; whether a patient is ready to take a job; how to stop one old man from talking out loud all night; what to do if a patient falls ill (answer: call a private physician and bill the state).

Mrs. Tucker discovered that some of the other caretakers had been nurses and that one couple had once worked with problem boys in Colorado. But, like herself, none had ever been trained to work with mentally ill people.

The mental cases pitch in and do work around the house. The rate of recovery is much higher than in institutions

Some problems cannot be solved—as Mrs. Tucker learned to her sorrow. Rosita, the teenager, had been difficult ever since she came, but Mrs. Tucker tried to ignore her sloppiness, her continual demands and her violent outbursts of temper. One day, however, Mrs. Tucker lost her own temper and scolded Rosita for tracking mud onto the kitchen floor. The girl ran out of the house.

An hour later the phone rang. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to report you to the authorities," said a neighbor in a shocked voice. "I understand that you have been starving your people. I know it's true. Rosita is right here now, telling me all about it."

"You can imagine how I felt," says Mrs. Tucker. "We just had to send Rosita back. She screamed when the hospital attendant came, and tried to run out the back door."

The unpleasant incident with her neighbor was one of the few Mrs. Tucker has experienced since she took in patients. There were some nasty phone calls at first. One woman called in a rage. "How can you let crazy people walk the streets where our children are playing?" she demanded.

The first evening the Tuckers had company, a friend pulled mild-mannered Mr. Tucker into a corner and whispered anxiously, "Aren't you afraid they'll murder you in your sleep?" By the end of the same evening the same woman said, "Why, they're just people—like you and me."

The only reaction of the woman who runs the corner store was, "Honey, a friend of mine just got out of the hospital herself." The butcher turned out to be the son-in-law of a woman who lives next door to a caretaker, and he has been giving some of the caretakers their meat wholesale.

The woman across the street is fond of Jack, who goes over to her yard to watch the trains.

"He's told me so much about those trains I guess I'm kind of a fan now myself," she said.

Recently the editor of the Hayward Daily Review ran an article about family-care homes in Hayward and the need for more caretakers. There was not one unfavorable reaction. When the Hayward Planning Commission turned down one woman's application because of zoning regulations not long ago, they assured her that she could take patients in any other neighborhood.

Not all California communities are as enlightened. One of Mrs. Tucker's neighbors moved to Hayward when the community she lived in rose in wrath at the idea of her having "lunatics in our midst." The community's safety must be considered, declared a petition signed by several dozen families, including two ministers.

Patients Carefully Selected

Actually, state officials are exceedingly careful to protect the community, both in their selection of the mental patients who can be placed in private homes and in their choice of people to be certified as caretakers. Says Sloate: "We don't place out any patients who are dangerous or potentially dangerous to others or to themselves—no one who is violent, no one who is suicidal, not even anyone whose conduct might embarrass the community, no matter how harmless he is."

Contrary to popular misconception, only five per cent of the mentally ill are ever violent at any time. "The picture of the lunatic with a knife between his teeth, ready to cut everyone up, is not only not true of the patients outside, it is not true of the patients inside the institutions," Sloate adds.

Under State Director of Mental Hygiene Dr. Frank F. Tallman, California has tripled its family-care program in the past three years; 600 patients now come under the program. New York has 2,000. Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island also have sizable programs.

It is estimated that 25 per cent of the patients now in institutions could eventually be placed in family-care homes. Each patient so placed releases a bed for a new, acutely ill patient, and the saving to the taxpayer would be enormous. For one thing, the cost per patient in most states is considerably lower for family care than for institutions. But even more important, placing institution patients out in extramural programs would alleviate the overcrowded conditions in our mental institutions, at a saving of millions of dollars in new construction.

Saving money, however, is not the chief virtue of the family-care program. Saving lives is. The rate of recovery for patients in family-care homes, statistics indicate, is more than four times as great as for comparable patients in institutions. And that's a conservative figure, for until recently the large majority of patients sent to family-care homes were custodial cases.

The California state legislature, not exactly a group of dreamy-eyed idealists, likes the program so well that it has steadily increased its appropriation in the past four years; it jumped the allocation from $180,000 in 1950 to $348,000 for the current year.

Sally, the former model who probably never will get well enough to leave the Tuckers, best summed up the benefits of family care.

"Do you see that door?" she recently asked. "It's not locked. See that garden? I can walk out in it any time I want. I haven't had a home since I was 12 years old. This is my home."

Imperial

BY CHRYSLER

Virtually custom-built . . . surpassingly beautiful in line and in decor . . . the Imperial for 1953 sets a new note in highway fashion that personifies the tastes of the most discriminating. Here, too, is the absolute command of the road . . . the luxurious comfort and driving ease . . . that is so dramatically establishing the Imperial as the selection of those who deserve and can afford any motor car in the world.

The Finest Car America Has Yet Produced!

WIRE WHEELS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

Transonic Tunnel Takes the

Aviation experts swore it couldn't be built—but it was. Now the U.S. has a two-year

John Stack, who, with his associates, won this year's Collier Trophy for the transonic wind tunnel "ventilated throat," stands in front of giant fan in tunnel at Langley Field, Virginia

MANY of science's greatest advances have been achieved in the quiet of a laboratory with only a handful of men on the scene. So it was a few days after Christmas in 1950. A group of scientists at Langley Field, Virginia, was gathered in a small, white huilding through which one leg of a huge, rectangular steel duct passed. The men were in a room nestled alongside the pipe and could look inside the duct through windows. Actually, there wasn't much to see—just some tufts of yarn glued to the sides of the tunnel to indicate turhulence, and delicate pressure tubes in rakelike clusters sprouting at intervals. The tubes activated instruments inside the room.

As the men watched and listened, two 30,000-horsepower motors—their combined strength equal to ahout 13 railroad locomotives—were started up and gained speed as they turned two giant fans inside the duct. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, wind hegan to roar through the steel tunnel and past the section inside the little building. As the flow of air increased, the scientists stared at one dial in particular. It showed the speed of the wind inside the tunnel as it rushed past their position. The indicator climbed higher and higher—500 miles an hour, then 600, 700, 750 and finally 800. There was scarcely a tremor.

The scientists in the little white huilding were exuherant. Undouhtedly the most thrilled was John Stack of Yorktown, Virginia, a forty-four-year-old aeronautical scientist for the government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. At that moment Stack and his co-workers became

Man is dwarfed inside 58-foot section of tunnel. Diameter decreases to 16 feet in testing portion

COLLIER TROPHY

lead on the Communists in perfecting vital faster-than-sound planes

the first men to witness the smooth flow of air through a wind tunnel as it passed through the sonic range. Previously, all attempts to drive air through a wind tunnel at high speeds had resulted in "choking" when the air reached that invisible wall which exists at about 760 miles per hour and is known as the "sonic barrier." High-speed wind tunnels operate something like an hourglass, if you imagine air serving the function of sand. In an hourglass, the sand moves toward the throat, its speed increasing until it drops into the pile below. The testing section of a wind tunnel is much the same as the throat of an hourglass.

But air, unlike sand, thins out as it nears the neck of the tunnel. Because of this peculiar characteristic, it requires more and more space if it is to pass through the throat. At about the speed of sound, its speed and density reach a critical point where it cannot be accelerated further and still pass smoothly through the constricting throat of the tunnel. Choking results. Thus, tests of the performance of aircraft designs in the crucial transonic range from subsonic to supersonic speeds could not be held in conventional wind tunnels.

Stack and his associates at the Langley Aeronautical Laboratory perfected the transonic wind tunnel by developing a "ventilated throat"—still a closely guarded secret—through which air could traverse the sonic barrier with scarcely a quiver. Now it is possible to test preflight models of supersonic planes under virtually the same conditions which occur in actual flight.

For their work, the Langley engineers were awarded this year's Collier Trophy, one of aviation's highest awards. The presentation will be made to Stack and his associates by President Truman at the annual Wright Memorial Dinner of the Aero Club of Washington. The affair will mark the start of the "Golden Jubilee of Powered Flight"; for it was on December 17, 1903, that the Wright Brothers successfully flew the first powered airplane. This year's citation was made by a 23-man nominating committee in behalf of the National Aeronautic Association, the nation's top organization of aviation experts and custodian of the trophy. It reads in part:

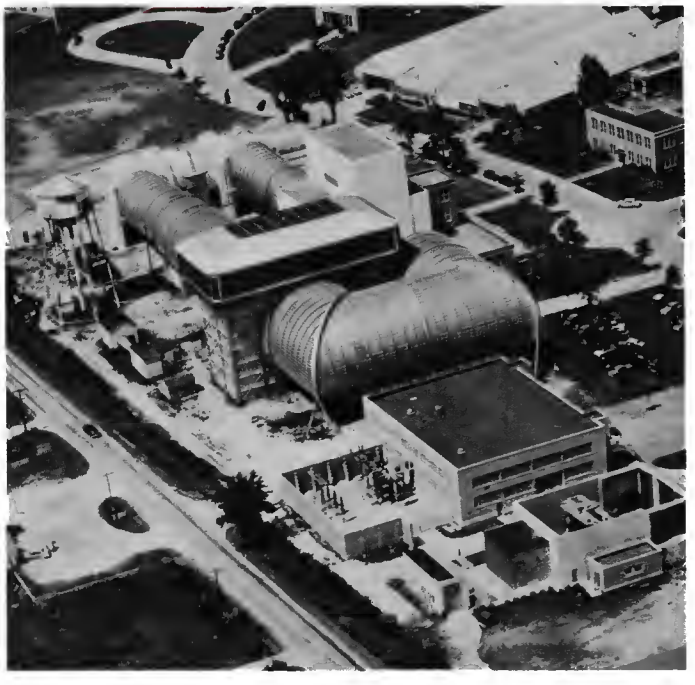
"The transonic wind-tunnel throat is the greatest contribution to aeronautical research since the use of a wind tunnel by the Wright Brothers in the design of the first successful airplane . . ."

The tunnel provides precise information for the design of new-model aircraft not obtainable in any other way. However, special research planes like the Bell X-1, the first piloted craft to pierce the sonic barrier, will still be needed to provide other vital information in supersonic flight.

Stack's share of the Collier Trophy this year makes him the third man since the trophy was originated in 1911 to receive the award a second time. He shared it in 1948 for his part in the development of the X-1. Future strides in faster-than-sound aircraft cannot be foreseen, but the trophy citation reads: "This achievement appears to have given America . . . a head start of at least two years over any potential enemy in the design of transonic aircraft."

The committee which named this year's Collier Trophy award was appointed by Harry K. Coffey, president of the National Aeronautic Association. The chairman was Dr. John F. Victory, Executive Secretary of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. In addition to Dr. Victory, the committee was made up of William M. Allen, president, Boeing Airplane Co.; C. E. A. Brown, president, National Association of State Aviation Officials; the Hon. William A. M. Burden, special assistant to the Secretary of the Air Force; Jacqueline Cochran, U.S. vice-president, Fédération Aéronautique Internationale; Frederick C. Crawford, president, Thompson Products, Inc.; Malcolm P. Ferguson, president, Bendix Aviation Corp.; Vice-Adm. Matthias B. Gardner, USN, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air); Robert E. Gross, president, Lockheed Aircraft Corp.; C. F. Horne, administrator, Civil Aeronautics Administration; S. Paul Johnston, director, Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences; Vice-Adm. Emory S. Land, USN (Ret.), president, Air Transport Association; the Hon. William P. MacCracken, Jr.; Glenn L. Martin, chairman of the board, the Glenn L. Martin Co.; E. B. Newill, general manager, Allison Division, General Motors Corp.; the Hon. Donald W. Nyrop, chairman, CAB; Ralph Platt, president, Aviation Writers Association; Adm. DeWitt C. Ramsey, USN (Ret.), president, Aircraft Industries Association; C. J. Reese, president, Continental Motors; Dr. W. R. Stovall, president, Aero Medical Association, medical division, CAA; Geo. N. F. Twining, Vice-Chief of Staff, USAF; D. C. Vaile, special representative, Northwest Airlines

Stationary vanes in elbows of tunnel force air to make right-angle turn smoothly. Air here is traveling 60 mph, later reaches 800 mph



First published aerial photograph of NACA's 16-foot transonic wind tunnel. Tests are made in white building. Drive fans are at far end

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL TAUB AND WALTER J. SOPSTYLE

"HOLIDAY BUFFET," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 76 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*

Beer and ale have always belonged here in America. Since Colonial days, Americans have served them when entertaining guests. George Washington, for example, had his own personal recipe for making beer that he served his guests at Mount Vernon.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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DEAD on Christmas Street

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

The big, brassy brunette was the cops' only witness. She hadn't jumped or fallen—and of course no suspect had given her a shove

THE police in the first prowl car on the scene got out a tarpaulin. A traffic policeman threw it over the hody and herded the crowd hack. They moved uneasily in the gray slush. Some of them looked up from time to time. In the newspaper picture, the window would he marked with a hold X. A dotted line would descend from the X to the spot where the covered hody now lay. Some of the spectators, laden with tinsel- and evergreen-decorated packages, turned away, suppressing a nameless guilt.

But the curious stayed on. Across the street, in the window of a department store, a vast mechanical Santa rocked hack and forth, slapping a mechanical hand against a padded thigh, roaring forever, "Whaw haw ho ho ho. Whaw haw ho ho ho." The slapping hand had worn the red plush from the padded thigh.

The ambulance arrived, with a hrisk intern to make out the DOA. Sawdust was shoveled onto the sidewalk, then pushed off into the sewer drain. Wet snow fell into the city. And there was nothing else to see. The corner Santa, a leathery man with a pinched, hlue nose, began to ring his hand hell again.

DANIEL FOWLER, one of the young assistant district attorneys, was at his desk when the call came through from Lieutenant Shinn of the Detective Squad. "Dan? This is Gil. You heard ahout the Garrity girl yet?"

For a moment the name meant nothing, and then suddenly he rememhered: Loreen Garrity was the witness in the Sheridan City Loan Company case. She had made positive identification of two of the three kids who had tried to pull that holdup, and the case was on the calendar for

"Remember Loreen Garrity?" Gil asked. "She took a high dive out of her office window—about an hour ago. Nice Christmas present"

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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February. Provided the kids didn't confess before it came up, Dan was going to prosecute. He had the Garrity girl's statement, and her promise to appear.

"What about her, Gil?" he asked.

"She took a high dive out of her office window—about an hour ago. Seventeen stories, and right into the Christmas rush. How come she didn't land on somebody, we'll never know. Connie Wyant is handling it. He remembered she figured in the loan-company deal, and he told me. Look, Dan. She was a big girl, and she tried hard not to go out that window. She was shoved. That's how come Connie has it. Nice Christmas present for him."

"Nice Christmas present for the lads who pushed over the loan company, too," Dan said grimly. "Without her, there's no case. Tell Connie that. It ought to give him the right line."

Dan Fowler set aside the brief he was working on and walked down the hall. The district attorney's secretary was at her desk. "Boss busy, Jane?"

SHE was a small girl with wide, gray eyes, a mass of dark hair, a soft mouth. She raised one eyebrow and looked at him speculatively. "I could be bribed, you know."

He looked around with exaggerated caution, went around her desk on tiptoe, bent and kissed her upraised lips. He smiled down at her. "People are beginning to talk," he whispered, not getting it as light as he meant it to be.

She tilted her head to one side, frowned, and said, "What is it, Dan?"

He sat on the corner of her desk and took her hands in his, and he told her about the big, dark-haired, swaggering woman who had gone out the window. He knew Jane would want to know. He had regretted bringing Jane in on the case, but he had had the unhappy hunch that Garrity might sell out, if the offer was high enough. And so he had enlisted Jane, depending on her intuition. He had taken the two of them to lunch, and had invented an excuse to duck out and leave them alone.

Afterward, Jane had said, "I guess I don't really like her, Dan. She was suspicious of me, of course, and she's a terribly vital sort of person. But I would say that she'll be willing to testify, all right. And I don't think she'll sell out."

Now as he told her about the girl, he saw the sudden tears of sympathy in her gray eyes. "Oh, Dan! How dreadful! You'd better tell the boss right away. That Vince Servius must have hired somebody to do it."

"Easy, lady," he said softly.

He touched her dark hair with his fingertips, smiled at her, and crossed to the door of the inner office, opened it and went in.

Jim Heglon, the district attorney, was a narrow-faced man with glasses with heavy, dark frames. He had a professional look, a dry wit and a driving energy.

"Every time I see you, Dan, I have to conceal my annoyance," Heglon said. "You're going to cart away the best secretary I ever had."

"Maybe I'll keep her working for a while. Keep her out of trouble."

"Excellent! And speaking of trouble—"

"Does it show, Jim?" Dan sat on the arm of a heavy leather chair which faced Heglon's desk. "I do have some. Remember the Sheridan City Loan case?"

"Vaguely. Give me an outline."

"October. Five o'clock one afternoon, just as the loan office was closing. Three punks tried to knock it over. Two of them, Castrella and Kelly, are eighteen. The leader, Johnny Servius, is nineteen. Johnny is Vince Servius' kid brother. They went into the loan company wearing masks and waving guns. The manager had more guts than sense. He was loading the safe. He saw them and slammed the door and spun the knob. They beat on him, but he convinced them it was a time lock, which it wasn't. They took fifteen dollars out of his pants, and four dollars off the girl behind the counter and took off.

"Right across the hall is the office of an accountant named Thomas Kistner. He'd already left. His secretary, Loreen Garrity, was closing up the office. She had the door open a crack. She saw the three kids come out of the loan company, taking their masks off. Fortunately, they didn't see her. She went into headquarters and looked at the gallery, and picked out Servius and Castrella. They were picked up. Kelly was with them, so they took him in, too. In the line-up, the Garrity girl made a positive identification of Servius and Castrella again. The manager thought he could recognize Kelly's voice.

"Bail was set high, because we expected Vince Servius would get them out. Much to everybody's surprise, he's left them in there. The only thing he did was line up George Terrafierro to defend them, which makes it tough from our point of view, but not too tough—if we could put the Garrity girl on the stand. She was the type to make a good witness. Very positive sort of girl."

"Was? Past tense?"

"This afternoon she was pushed out the window of the office where she works. Seventeen stories above the sidewalk. Gil Shinn tells me that Connie Wyant has it definitely tagged as homicide."

"If Connie says it is, then it is. What would conviction have meant to the three lads?"

"Servius had one previous conviction—car theft; Castrella had one conviction for assault with a deadly weapon. Kelly is clean, Jim."

Heglon frowned. "Odd, isn't it? In this state, armed robbery has a mandatory sentence of seven to fifteen years for a first offense in that category. With the weight Vince can swing, his kid brother would do about five years. Murder seems a little extreme, as a way of avoiding a five-year sentence."

"Perhaps, Jim, the answer is in the relationship between Vince and the kid. There's quite a difference in ages. Vince must be nearly forty. He was in the big time early enough to give Johnny all the breaks. The kid has been thrown out of three good schools I know of. According to Vince, Johnny can do no wrong. Maybe that's why he left those three in jail awaiting trial—to keep them in the clear on this killing."

"It could be, Dan," Heglon said. "Go ahead with your investigation. And let me know."

DAN FOWLER found out at the desk that Lieutenant Connie Wyant and Sergeant Levandowski were in the interrogation room. Dan sat down and waited. After a few moments Connie waddled through the doorway and came over to him. He had bulging, blue eyes and a dull expression.

Dan stood up, towering over the squat lieutenant. "Well, what's the picture, Connie?"

"No case against the kids, Gil says. Me, I wish it was just somebody thought it would be nice to jump out a window.

But she grabbed the casing so hard, she broke her fingernails down to the quick.

"Marks you can see, in oak as hard as iron. Banged her head on the sill and left black hair on the rough edge of the casing. Lab matched it up. And one shoe up there, under the radiator. The radiator sits right in front of the window. Come listen to this, Kistner."

Dan followed him back to the interrogation room. Thomas Kistner sat at one side of the long table. A cigar lay dead on the glass ash tray near his elbow. As they opened the door, he glanced up quickly. He was a big, bloated man with an unhealthy grayish complexion and an important manner. He said, "I was just telling the sergeant the tribulations of an accountant."

"We all got troubles," Connie said. "This is Mr. Fowler from the D.A.'s office, Kistner."

Mr. Kistner got up laboriously. "Happy to meet you, sir," he said. "Sorry that it has to be such an unpleasant occasion, however."

CONNIE sat down heavily. "Kistner, I want you to go through your story again. If it makes it easier, tell it to Mr. Fowler here instead of me. He hasn't heard it before."

"I'll do anything in my power to help, Lieutenant," Kistner said firmly. He turned toward Dan. "I am out of my office a great deal. I do accounting on a contract basis for thirty-three small retail establishments. I visit them frequently. When Loreen came in this morning, she seemed nervous. I asked her what the trouble was, and she said that she felt quite sure somebody had been following her for the past week. She described him to me. Slim, middle height, pearl-gray felt hat, tan raglan topcoat, swarthy complexion. I told her that because she was the witness in a trial coming up, she should maybe report it to the police and ask for protection. She said she didn't like the idea of yelling for help. She was a very —ah—independent sort of girl."

"I got that impression," Dan said.

"I went out then and didn't think anything more about what she'd said. I spent most of the morning at Finch Pharmacy, on the north side. I had a sandwich there and then drove back to the office, later than usual. Nearly two. I came up to the seventeenth floor. Going down the corridor, I pass the men's room before I get to my office. I unlocked the door with my key and went in. I was in there maybe three minutes. I came out and a man brushes by me in the corridor. He had his collar up, and was pulling down on his hathrim and walking fast. At the moment, you understand, it meant nothing to me.

"I went into the office. The window was wide open, and the snow was blowing in. No Loreen. I couldn't figure it. I thought she'd gone to the ladies' room and had left the window open for some crazy reason. I started to shut it, and then I heard all the screaming down in the street. I leaned out. I saw her, right under me, sprawled on the sidewalk. I recognized the cocoa-colored suit. A new suit, I think. I stood in a state of shock, I guess, and then suddenly I remembered about the man following her, and I remembered the man in the hall—he had a gray hat and a tan topcoat, and I had the impression he was swarthy-faced.

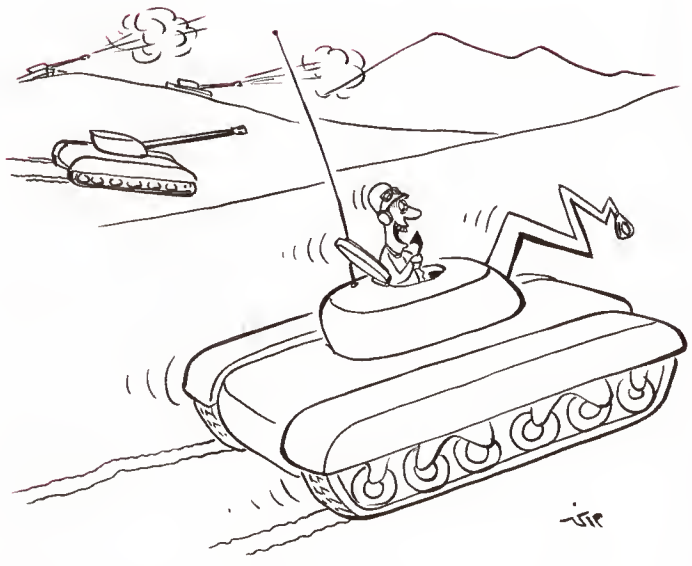
"The first thing I did was call the police, naturally. While they were on the way, I called my wife. It just about broke her up. We were both fond of Loreen." The big man smiled sadly. "And it seems to me I've been telling the story over and over again ever since. Oh, I don't mind, you understand. But it's a dreadful thing. The way I see it, when a person witnesses a crime, they ought to be given police protection until the trial is all over."

"We don't have that many cops," Connie said glumly. "How big was the man you saw in the corridor?"

"Medium size. A little on the thin side."

"How old?"

VIP'S WAR



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"I don't know. Twenty-five, forty-five. I couldn't see his face, and you understand I wasn't looking closely."

Connie turned toward Dan. "Nothing from the elevator boys about this guy. He probably took the stairs. The lobby is too busy for anybody to notice him coming through by way of the fire door. Did the Garrity girl ever lock herself in the office, Kistner?"

"I never knew of her doing that, Lieutenant."

Connie said, "Okay, so the guy could breeze in and clip her one. Then, from the way the rug was pulled up, he lugged her across to the window. She came to as he was trying to work her out the window, and she put up a battle. People in the office three stories underneath say she was screaming as she went by."

"How about the offices across the way?" Dan asked.

"It's a wide street, Dan, and they couldn't see through the snow. It started snowing hard about fifteen minutes before she was pushed out the window. I think the killer waited for that snow. It gave him a curtain to hide behind."

"Any chance that she marked the killer, Connie?" Dan asked.

"Doubt it. From the marks of her fingernails, he lifted her up and slid her feet out first, so her back was to him. She grabbed the sill on each side. Her head hit the window sash. All he had to do was hold her shoulders, and bang her in the small of the back with his knee. Once her fanny slid off the sill, she couldn't hold on with her hands any longer. And from the looks of the doorknobs, he wore gloves."

Dan turned to Kistner. "What was her home situation? I tried to question her. She was pretty evasive."

Kistner shrugged. "Big family. She didn't get along with them. Seven girls, I think, and she was next to oldest. She moved out when she got her first job. She lived alone in a one-room apartment on Leeds Avenue, near the bridge."

"You know of any boy friend?" Connie asked.

"Nobody special. She used to go out a lot, but nobody special."

Connie rapped his knuckles on the edge of the table. "You ever make a pass at her, Kistner?"

THE room was silent. Kistner stared at his dead cigar. "I don't want to lie to you, but I don't want any trouble at home, either. I got a boy in the Army, and I got a girl in her last year of high. But you work in a small office alone with a girl like Loreen, and it can get you. About six months ago, I had to go to the state Capitol on a tax thing. I asked her to come along. She did. It was a damn' fool thing to do. And it—didn't work out so good. We agreed to forget it ever happened. We were awkward around the office for a couple of weeks, and then I guess we sort of forgot. She was a good worker, and I was paying her well, so it was to both our advantages to be practical and not get emotional. I didn't have to tell you men this, but, like I said, I don't see any point in lying to the police. Hell, you might have found out some way, and that might make it look like I killed her or something."

"Thanks for leveling," Connie said expressionlessly. "We'll call you if we need you."

Kistner ceremoniously shook hands all around and left with obvious relief.

As soon as the door shut behind him, Connie said, "I'll buy it. A long time ago I learned you can't jail a guy for being a jerk. Funny how many honest people I meet I don't like at all, and how many thieves make good guys to knock over a beer with. How's your girl?"

Dan looked at his watch. "Dressing for dinner, and I should be, too," he said. "How are the steaks out at the Cat and Fiddle?"

Connie half closed his eyes. After a time he sighed. "Okay. That might be a good way to go at the guy. Phone me and give me the reaction if he does talk. If not, don't bother."

JANE was in holiday mood until Dan told her where they were headed. She said tartly, "I admit freely that I am a working girl. But do I get overtime for this?"

Dan said slowly, carefully, "Darling, you better understand, if you don't already, that there's one part of me I can't change. I can't shut the office door and forget the cases piled up in there. I have a nasty habit of carrying them around with me. So we go someplace else and I try like blazes to be gay, or we go to the Cat and Fiddle and get something off my mind."

She moved closer to him. "Dull, old work horse," she said.

"Guilty."

"All right, now I'll confess," Jane said. "I was going to suggest we go out there later. I just got sore when you beat me to the draw."

He laughed, and at the next stop light, he kissed her hurriedly.

The Cat and Fiddle was eight miles beyond the city line. At last Dan saw the green-and-blue neon sign, and he turned into the asphalt parking area. There were about forty other cars there. They went from the check room into the low-ceilinged bar and lounge. The only sign of Christmas was a small, silver tree on the bar; a tiny blue spot was focused on it.

They sat at the bar and ordered drinks. Several other couples were at the tables, talking in low voices. A pianist played softly in the dining room.

Dan took out a business card and wrote on it: *Only if you happen to have an opinion.*

He called the nearest bartender over. "Would you please see that Vince gets this?"

The man glanced at the name. "I'll see if Mr. Servius is in." He said something to the other bartender and left through a paneled door at the rear of the bar. He was back in less than a minute, smiling politely.

"Please go up the stairs. Mr. Servius is in his office, the second door on the right."

"I'll wait here, Dan," Jane said.

"If you are Miss Raymer, Mr. Servius would like to have you join him too," the bartender said.

Jane looked at Dan. He nodded and she slid off the stool.

As they went up the stairs, Jane said, "I seem to be known here."

"Notorious female. I suspect he wants a witness."

Vincent Servius was standing at a small corner bar mixing himself a drink when they entered. He turned and smiled. "Fowler, Miss Raymer. Nice of you to stop by. Can I mix you something?" Dan refused politely, and they sat down.

Vince was a compact man with cropped, prematurely white hair, a sun-lamp tan, and beautifully cut clothes. He had not been directly concerned with violence in many years. In that time he had eliminated most of the

traces of the hoodlum. The over-all impression he gave was that of the up-and-coming clubman. Golf lessons, voice lessons, careful observation, plastic surgery, and a good tailor—these had all helped; but nothing had been able to destroy a certain aura of alertness, ruthlessness. He was a man you would never joke with. He had made his own laws, and he carried the awareness of his own ultimate authority around with him, as unmistakable as a loaded gun.

VINCE went over to the fieldstone fireplace, drink in hand, and turned, resting his elbow on the mantel.

"Very clever, Fowler. 'Only if you happen to have an opinion.' I have an opinion. The kid is no good. That's my opinion. He's a cheap punk. I didn't admit that to myself until he tried to put the hook on that loan company. He was working for me at the time. I was trying to break him in here—buying foods. But now I'm through, Fowler. You can tell Jim Heglon that for me. Terrafierro will back it up. Ask him what I told him. I said, 'Defend the kid. Get him off if you can, and no hard feelings if you can't. If you get him off, I'm having him run out of town, out of the state. I don't want him around.' I told George that.

"Now there's this Garrity thing. It looks like I went out on a limb for the kid. Going out on limbs was yesterday, Fowler. Not today and not tomorrow. I was a sucker long enough." He took out a crisp handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "I go right up in the air," he said. "I talk too loud."

"You can see how Heglon is thinking," Dan said quietly. "And the police, too."

"That's the hell of it. I swear I had nothing to do with it." He half smiled. "It would have helped if I'd had a tape recorder up here last month when the Garrity girl came to see what she could sell me."

Dan leaned forward. "She came here?"

"With bells on. Nothing coy about that kid. Pay off, Mr. Servius, and I'll change my identification of your brother."

"What part of last month?"

"Let me think. The tenth it was. Monday the tenth."

Jane said softly, "That's why I got the impression she wouldn't sell out, Dan. I had lunch with her later that same week. She had tried to and couldn't."

Vince took a sip of his drink. "She started with big money and worked her way down. I let her go ahead. Finally, after I'd had my laughs, I told her even one dollar was too much. I told her I wanted the kid sent up. She blew her top. For a couple of minutes I thought I might have to clip her to shut her up. But after a couple of drinks she quieted down. That gave me a chance to find out something that had been bothering me. It seemed too pat, kind of."

"What do you mean, Servius?" Dan asked.

"The setup was too neat, the way the door *happened* to be open a crack, and the way she *happened* to be working late, and the way she *happened* to see the kids come out. I couldn't get her to admit anything at first, because she was making a little play for me, but when I convinced her I wasn't having any, she let me in on what really happened. She was hanging around waiting for the manager of that loan outfit to quit work. They had a system. She'd wait in the accountant's office with the light out, watching his door. Then, when the manager left, she'd wait about five minutes and leave herself. That would give him time to get his car out of the parking lot. He'd pick her up at the corner. She said he was the supercautious, married type. They just dated once in a while. I wasn't having any of that. Too rough for me, Fowler."

THERE was a long silence. Dan asked, "How about friends of your brother, Servius, or friends of Kelly and Castrella?"

Vince walked over and sat down, facing them. "One—Johnny didn't have a friend who'd bring a bucket of water if he was on fire. And two—I sent the word out."

"What does that mean?"

"I like things quiet in this end of the

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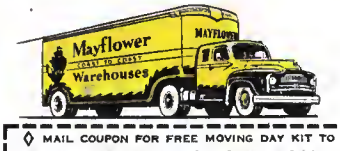

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state. I didn't want anyone helping those three punks. Everybody got the word. So who would do anything? Now both of you please tell Heglon exactly what I said. Tell him to check with Terrafierro. Tell him to have the cops check their pigeons. Ask the kid himself. I paid him a little visit. Now, if you don't mind, I've got another appointment."

THEY had finished their steaks before Dan was able to get any line on Connie Wyant. On the third telephone call, he was given a message. Lieutenant Wyant was waiting for Mr. Fowler at 311 Leeds Street, Apartment 6A, and would Mr. Fowler please bring Miss Raymer with him.

They drove back to the city. A department car was parked in front of the building. Sergeant Levandowski was half asleep behind the wheel. "Go right in. Ground floor in the back. 6A."

Connie greeted them gravely and listened without question to Dan's report of the conversation with Vince Servius. After Dan had finished, Connie nodded casually, as though it was of little importance, and said, "Miss Raymer, I'm not so good at this, so I thought maybe you could help. There's the Garrity girl's closet. Go through it and give me an estimate on the cost."

Jane went to the open closet. She began to examine the clothes. "Hey!" she exclaimed.

"What do you think?" Connie asked.

"If this suit cost a nickel under two hundred, I'll eat it. And look at this coat. Four hundred, anyway." She bent over and picked up a shoe. "For ages I've dreamed of owning a pair of these. Thirty-seven fifty, at least."

"Care to make an estimate on the total?" Connie asked her.

"Gosh, thousands. I don't know. There are nine dresses in there that must have cost at least a hundred apiece. Do you have to have it accurate?"

"That's close enough, thanks." He took a small blue bankbook out of his pocket and flipped it to Dan. Dan caught it and looked inside. Loreen Garrity had more than eleven hundred dollars on hand. There had been large deposits and large withdrawals—nothing small.

Connie said, "I've been to see her family. They're good people. They didn't want to talk mean about the dead, so it took a little time. But I found out our Loreen was one for the angles—a chiseler—no conscience and less morals. A rough, tough cooky to get tied up with. From there, I went to see the Kistners. Every time the old lady would try to answer a question, Kistner'd jump in with all four feet. I finally had to have Levandowski take him downtown just to get him out of the way. Then the old lady talked. She had a lot to say about how lousy business is. How they're scrimping and scraping along, and how the girl couldn't have a new formal for the Christmas dance tomorrow night at the high-school gym. Then I called up an accountant friend after I left her. I asked him how Kistner had been doing. He cussed out Kistner and said he'd been doing fine; in fact, he had stolen some nice retail accounts out from under the other boys in the same racket. So I came over here and it looked like this was where the profit was going, so I waited for you so I could make sure."

"What can you do about it?" Dan demanded, anger in his voice, anger at the big, puffy man who hadn't wanted to lie to the police.

"I've been thinking. It's eleven o'clock. He's been sitting down there sweating. I've got to get my Christmas shopping done tomorrow, and the only way I'll ever get around to it is to break him fast."

Jane had been listening, wide-eyed. "They always forget some little thing, don't they?" she asked. "Or there is something they don't know about. Like a clock that is five minutes slow, or something. I mean, in the stories . . ." Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"Give her a badge, Connie," Dan said with amusement.

Connie rubbed his chin. "I might do that, Dan. I just might do that. Miss Raymer, you got a strong stomach? If so, maybe you get to watch your idea in operation." . . .

It was nearly midnight, and Connie had left Dan and Jane alone in a small office at headquarters for nearly a half hour. He opened the door and stuck his head in. "Come on, people. Just don't say a word."

They went to the interrogation room. Kistner jumped up the moment they came in. Levandowski sat at the long table, looking bored.

Kistner said heatedly, "As you know, Lieutenant, I was perfectly willing to co-operate. But you are being high-handed. I demand to know why I was brought down here. I want to know why I can't phone a lawyer. You are exceeding your authority, and I—"

"Siddown!" Connie roared with all the power of his lungs.

Kistner's mouth worked silently. He sat down, shocked by the unexpected roar. A tired young man slouched in, sat at the table, flipped open a notebook, and placed three sharp pencils within easy reach. Connie motioned Dan and Jane over toward chairs in a shadowed corner of the room. They sat side by side, and Jane held Dan's wrist, her nails sharp against his skin.

"Kistner, tell us again about how you came back to the office," Connie said.

KISTNER replied in a tone of excruciating patience, as though talking to children, "I parked my car in my parking space in the lot behind the building. I used the back way into the lobby. I went up—"

"You went to the cigar counter."

"So I did! I had forgotten that. I went to the cigar counter. I bought three cigars and chatted with Barney. Then I took an elevator up."

"And talked to the elevator boy."

"I usually do. Is there a law?"

"No law, Kistner. Go on."

"And then I opened the men's room door with my key, and I was in there perhaps three minutes. And then when I came out, the man I described brushed by me. I went to the office and found the window open. I was shutting it and I heard—"

"All this was at two o'clock, give or take a couple of minutes?"

"That's right, Lieutenant." Talking had restored Kistner's self-assurance.

Connie nodded to Levandowski. The sergeant got up lazily, walked to the door, and opened it. A burly, diffident young man came in. He wore khaki pants and a leather jacket.

"Sit down," Connie said casually. "What's your name?"

"Paul Hilbert, Officer."

The tired young man was taking notes.

"What's your occupation?"

"I'm a plumber, Officer. Central Plumbing, Incorporated."

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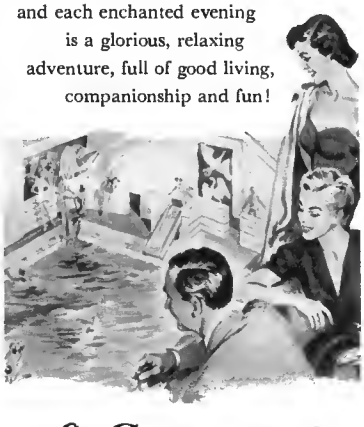

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"What time did you get there?"

"That's on my report, Officer. Quarter after one."

"How long did it take you to finish the job?"

"About three o'clock."

"Did you leave the room at any time during that period?"

"No, I didn't."

"I suppose people tried to come in there?"

"Three or four. But I had all the water connections turned off, so I told them to go down to sixteen; the super had the door unlocked down there."

"Did you get a look at everybody who came in?"

"Sure, Officer."

"You said three or four. Is one of them at this table?"

The shy young man looked around. He shook his head. "No, sir."

"Thanks, Hilbert. Wait outside. We'll want you to sign the statement when it's typed up."

Hilbert's footsteps sounded loud as he walked to the door. Everyone was watching Kistner. His face was still, and he seemed to be looking into a remote and alien future, as cold as the back of the moon.

Jane's hand tightened on Dan's wrist. Kistner said in a husky, barely audible voice. "A bad break. A stupid thing. Ten seconds it would have taken me to look in there. I had to establish the time. I talked to Barney. And to the elevator boy. They'd know when she fell. But I had to be someplace else. Not in the office.

"You don't know how it was. She kept wanting more money. She wouldn't have anything to do with me, except when there was money. And I didn't have any more, finally. I guess I was crazy. I started to milk the accounts. That wasn't hard; the clients trust me. Take a little here and a little there. She found out. She wanted more and more. And that gave her a new angle. Give me more, or I'll tell. I thought it over. I kept thinking about her being a witness. All I had to do was make it look like she was killed to keep her from testifying. I don't care what you do to me. Now it's over, and I feel glad." He gave Connie a long, wondering look. "Is that crazy? To feel glad it's over? Do other people feel that way?"

CONNIE asked Dan and Jane to wait in the small office. He came in ten minutes later; he looked tired. The plumber came in with him. Connie said, "Me, I hate this business. I'm after him, and I bust him, and then I start bleeding for him. What the hell? Anyway, you get your badge, Miss Raymer."

"But wouldn't you have found out about the plumber anyway?" Jane asked.

Connie grinned ruefully at her. He jerked a thumb toward the plumber. "Meet Patrolman Hilbert. Doesn't know a pipe wrench from a faucet. We just took the chance that Kistner was too eager to toss the girl out the window—so eager he didn't make a quick check of the men's room. If he had, he could have laughed us under the table. As it is, I can get my shopping done tomorrow. Or is it today?"

Dan and Jane left headquarters. They walked down the street, arm in arm. There was holly, and a big tree in front of the courthouse, and a car went by with a lot of people in it singing about We Three Kings of Orient Are. Kistner was a stain, fading slowly. They walked until it was entirely Christmas Eve, and they were entirely alone in the snow that began to fall again, making tiny, perfect stars of lace that lingered in her dark hair. ▲▲▲

KENNESAW

"A dollar for a brick for the new church? Why, Bessie can bake six for less than that!"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

"Look! Another man switched to Kentucky Club—the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos."

For Uncle Jim and brother Bill,
For Grandpa, Dad and postman Hill,
For every man that you rate high—
Kentucky Club's the gift to buy.

KENTUCKY CLUB

Look for this Christmas packaged canister at good tobacco counters

Produced by the makers of famous
MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia

Proud as an Academy Award winner, Coop shows off *kahala* he speared. In Samoa for filming Return to Paradise, he spent most of his leisure time in water

After floating just beneath surface to scan for fish, Coop prepares to dive. Snorkel feeds air through tube from surface while he scans

Showing strain of repeated deep divings, during which snorkel is of no use, he removes face mask used for vision to grab lungful of air

GARY COOPER Spears a Kahala in Samoa

Working on location in a South Sea island paradise, an on-screen, off-screen he-man tries a rugged sport

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

EVER since the old Yankee traders first spun their yarns about idyllic islands in the South Pacific, paradise on earth for Americans has been a place where men fish lazily in clear waters while laughing brown-skinned maidens dance about them on pure white sands under a golden sun. There were such places, but one by one they have succumbed to civilization. Today they exist almost exclusively in the imaginations of Hollywood's movie makers.

Romantic notions about Pacific island Edens have been carefully nurtured by Hollywood in an endless series of films. Most of them were made on sound stages in gardens of paint and papier-mâché on beaches of California sand fringed by plaster coral reefs. But occasionally Hollywood leaves its artificial islands and sails forth in quest of genuine South Sea breezes. And when it does, the stars have a rare opportunity to live the lives they seem to lead upon the nation's screens.

One of the most ambitious of recent South Sea expeditions was to make a movie called Return to Paradise, which will be released in March by United Artists. Gary Cooper, the film's star, and its entire cast were transported some 5,000 miles across the Pacific to a spot whose very name evokes visions of tropic Edens: Upolu—an island in the Samoan archipelago, 2,400 miles east of Australia. Most of the crew spent their leisure time discovering that Samoa was not quite the unspoiled wonderland depicted in countless Hollywood treatises on the subject. The natives, they found, were 97 per cent literate and appeared fully clothed at all times. But Coop, seeking his particular side of paradise, suffered no disillusion. He went fishing.

One of the screen's foremost he-men, Cooper is an enthusiastic old-hand at spear-fishing, a thrilling and precarious underwater sport which calls for a spear gun, water goggles, or face mask, flippers for the feet, sometimes an artificial breathing apparatus (snorkel) and plenty of nerve. Armed with all these, Coop went thrashing about deep in the sparkling waters off Upolu.

There was a movie to make and work to do, but the big Yankee from Hollywood managed to sneak off now and then. He even caught a *kahala* fish or two.

It wouldn't have mattered much to him if the natives dressed for dinner and ate Guinea hen under glass. Coop's primitive paradise was still there—offshore in the cool, clear waters.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DON ORNITZ

Obliging the kids who expect a movie star to act accordingly, Coop strikes a Hollywood pose

Goggles in place again, Coop reaches for spear gun, only weapon most spear-fishers use. Moment later he dived 50 feet, stayed ten seconds

Emerging empty-handed, Coop gets ready to begin another surface scan for fish. He made six more dives before finally catching a *kahala*

ANTHONY SARIS

Outside, I just looked at Slim in contempt. "The stem won't wind!" I burst out

Blood from a Turnip

By JIM THOMPSON

WHAT a stinking way to make a living! I was thinking this, like always, as I walked into Duffy's. I buy precious metals house-to-house—old discarded jewelry, dental work, eyeglasses, anything worth a buck. I pay as little as I can, then I take the stuff to a wholesale buyer like Duffy, and he does the same to me.

He did it now. I emptied my buyer's box on the counter. Duffy sat hunched on his high stool, not touching the stuff. He just sat looking at me, a yellowed cigarette stump in his mouth, one pale eye sprouting a black loupe. I poked a battered old watchcase toward him. "Fourteen car—"

"It's *stamped* fourteen carats. So what? Carat stamps don't mean a thing on old stuff like this. It's just heavy plate, and that's what I'll pay for."

I took his price; he was right. Then he gave me three dollars even for a handful of gold-wash junk, and I sat down on the bench along the wall to rest my feet and count my profits. For nine hours' arguing with suspicious housewives, I had eleven dollars' profit, and a meal in a hash joint to look forward to.

Tulsa Slim came in then—tired and hungry-looking. I waited to see how he'd done for the day. He checked in twenty-five pennyweight, a good half of it high-carat dental gold, and Duffy pushed three ten-dollar bills across the counter. "You'll be rich someday," he said sarcastically. "At most you paid out eight bucks; you make twenty-two for an easy day's work." But Slim didn't smile. He looked miserable, and suddenly Duffy grinned. "Or did you?" he said. "Is there something you ain't tola old Duffy? Some little housewife skin you today?"

"None of your business," Slim snapped, and I knew that's just what had happened and I started hating Duffy all over again. When you have a lousy day, it's your tough luck, and he laughs in your face. And when you do find gravy, it's Duffy who really collects, and laughs all the harder. The occasional finds you make—like a hunk of antique jewelry—keep you in this hungry racket. But even then, it's Duffy, or someone like him, who gets rich. Once I picked up an antique brooch for three dollars, and sold it to Duffy for twenty. "Take it or leave it," he said, and I took it. I had to; like always, I needed the money, and I couldn't hang on to the brooch and wait. But Duffy could. And three weeks later, he sold that brooch to some collector for twenty times twenty dollars, and he laughed in my face when he told me.

That same mocking pleasure was in his face now. "Come on," he said. "What happened?"

Slim looked at him, hating him, wishing, like we all did, that just once Duffy would have to take it, instead of dishing it out. But he opened his box, reached inside, then paused and said, "Every once in a while I learn that maybe honesty's the best policy. Maybe you'll learn that yourself someday."

Duffy just grinned.

"I stop at this house," Slim said wearily, "and the dame has the usual cardboard box of family hand-me-downs—lodge emblems, tiepins, a watch chain—all gold wash. But there's also a watch, an old turnip. I'm no expert on antique watches like Al"—he nodded at me—"but at least I can recognize one."

I strolled over to the counter; old watches are my specialty.

"All I was thinking of," Slim said, "was getting the watch for a couple bucks, so I never even touched it or glanced at it. You single out one item, and these dames think it's the Taj Mahal. 'Two dollars for the boxful, lady,' I said. She wants to argue, but I just pick up my hat. 'Three dollars,' she says then. 'Two fifty,' I said, and she takes it." Slim took his hand out of his box. He was holding a blackened old watch, and Duffy threw me a quick, warning look.

I'd seen photographs of the four other watches in the world like this one; one is in a museum, two others are in private collections. A Connecticut watchmaker turned out five of them, sixty years ago, for five young Victorian dandies. They were key-winders with jewel-studded keys, and they weren't good watches, but today, the keys make those watches collector's pieces.

"A collector's item!" Slim said angrily. "I thought I had myself a collector's item, but look—" He tried to turn the watch stem; it wouldn't budge. "The damn' stem won't turn," he said. "You can't even begin to move it. Why, the works in this potato must be solid rust!"

I THOUGHT he was going to slam the watch down on the counter, and I nearly yelled, but he put it down gently. "You know these collectors!" he said to me, angrily. "The watch has to work, has to keep time, or they won't shell out. So there you are." Then he said more quietly, "Maybe honesty *is* best. If I'd tried the watch out, took a chance on paying out five bucks if it was any good, I'd never have bought it."

"Too bad," Duffy said casually, and picked up the watch. He twisted at the stem, and of course it wouldn't turn. "You're right," he said. "The works are shot," and he put the watch down. "But still," he added, sounding bored, "I might pick up a five spot for it, with luck." He took two one-dollar bills from his cash drawer, and laid them on the counter. "So I'll take it off your hands, with the rest of the stuff. You're only out fifty cents."

"You mean it?" Slim said, his eyes widening, and when Duffy nodded, he grabbed up the bills and turned toward the door, like he was scared Duffy might change his mind. Duffy winked as I turned to leave; he knew what I was going to tell Slim, and he didn't care, now that he had the watch. He even got a boot out of the deal.

Outside, I just looked at Slim in contempt. "The stem won't wind!" I burst out. Slim looked at me blankly. "Listen," I said, as patiently as I could, "up until about 1875 you had to wind a watch with a key, a separate key; that's how they were made. Then somebody invented the stem-winder. But the guy who made this watch, around 1890, did it on a special order. Some gay blades wanted something unusual. So what does he do? He makes up five key-winders, with jeweled keys and adds *an ornamental stem!* There's nothing wrong with that watch; the stem isn't *supposed* to turn, you jerk. And Duffy knew it perfectly well! They're collector's pieces today!"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"With Duffy there? I couldn't," I answered. "The last one of those watches brought two hundred and fifty dollars at auction, and it was exactly like the one you sold Duffy for two lousy bucks. Of course it had the original key, and that makes a difference. The collectors want not only the watch, but the key. But even without it, that old turnip will still bring fifty, maybe sixty dollars."

Slim looked astonished. "And with the original key, it might have brought two hundred?"

"Easy," I said, rubbing it in.

"Well"—Slim shrugged—"I wouldn't have got a fair price anyway. Even if I'd walked in with watch and key both, Duffy would have got them for fifty bucks top. Remember that antique brooch you found?"

"Yeah," I said sadly. "And now he's got your old two-buck turnip, and it'll bring fifty for sure."

"That's right," Slim said pleasantly, and pulled his fist out of his pocket, opening his hand. There on his palm, coated with the unmistakable tarnish of sixty years, lay a small, jeweled strip of metal—the original key. "But now," Slim said, "I've got a two-hundred-buck key." He grinned. "Now I'll get blood—Duffy's blood—out of that turnip. Because now he's *got* to have this key, and for once he's gonna pay for it!" Then I grinned, too, and we went triumphantly back into Duffy's. ▲▲▲

Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking
of fine tobaccos ...
the finest quality money can buy

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat

Light o PALL MALL ond notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes os it is filtered further through PALL MALL's troditionolly fine, mellow toboccos.

At the very first puff of your PALL MALL you will enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smaking. And your enjoyment of PALL MALL doesn't stop there.

After 5—10—or 17 puffs of eoch cigorette, your own eyes con meosure PALL MALL's extro length for extro mildness. **Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** PALL MALL gives you o smoothness, mildness and satisfaction na other cigarette offers you.

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BY.

LET A CARTON OF PALL MALLS
SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS" FOR YOU

Outstanding... and they are mild!

Copr. 1952, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas

Available in handsome gift cartons
where legally permissible

Give Seagram's and be Sure of the finest

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

For some reason they always arrive just at dinnertime

They pry into my personal possessions

FOR

Don't try to sell your home unless

LONELY? Crave companionship? Desire to meet new people? Just put your home on the market, I've found, and the world will beat a path to your door, right across the lawn and through the center of your nasturtium bed.

Since I offered my house in New Hampshire for sale, my life is no longer my own. (Unfortunately I can't say the same for the house.) Prospective purchasers show up in my living room at odd hours of the day or night, browsing through my books or lighting a fire in the fireplace to see if the chimney draws. People I never saw before wander into the dining room while I'm eating, or barge through the bedroom while I'm changing my clothes or flush me dripping from the bath. Total strangers corner me and ask the most intimate questions, such as what I do with my garbage in winter or whether I have mice.

Prospective buyers pull out bureau drawers and pry into my personal possessions; they paw over the papers on my desk; they inspect my family photographs with an indulgent smile. They open my closet door and peer disapprovingly at my shirts and neckties. They read the labels on the medicine bottles in the bathroom. They look in the icebox to see what I'm having for supper. You'd think that I went with the place.

For some reason they always arrive just at mealtime, accompanied by anywhere from three to six children, who deploy about the premises and start exploring on their own. I have learned to adopt a fixed smile, clasping my hands and beaming pleasantly when one of the tots trips over a light cord and knocks an Oriental lamp off the table, or opens the china closet and dumps all my silverware on the floor. CRASH! "Oh, that's perfectly all right, that was just an antique bowl that belonged to my great-grandmother and it's high time I got a new one." SPLINTER! "Never mind, I can sweep up those phonograph records later." R-I-I-IIIP! BANG! "Yes, it makes an ideal house for children to play in."

The whole thing started when I wrote that real-estate advertisement. Everybody said to put a little ad in the papers, and I'd be sure to get results. To date, the results have been as follows:

1. Thirty-seven personal calls from vacuum-cleaner salesmen, insurance salesmen, refrigerator salesmen, lightning-rod salesmen and a group of ladies soliciting funds for the new hospital.

2. Eleven inquiries from local dealers who had other houses they would like to show me as soon as I sold mine.

3. Several communications from old friends I hadn't heard from for years, who had just seen my ad and who felt that maybe, with all that money

SALE: Advt.

By COREY FORD

you and the house can withstand the onslaught of potential buyers

coming in, I might be in a position to tide them over for a couple of months.

4. A visit from the town tax collector, who had noticed the price I was asking and who thought perhaps we should have a little talk about raising my assessment.

Oh, yes. A lot of people have dropped around to look at the house. It seems to me that house-lookers fall roughly into four distinct types. (They have one thing in common, though; they never look twice.) There's the vague type, for instance, who has never lived in the country before and who is a little worried about whether she could get in and out all right in winter, and what she could do for neighbors.

She also wants to know about (1) the school situation, (2) the doctor situation, (3) the church situation, (4) the help situation and (5) the snake situation. She never comes to any decision, because she's just looking around, but it's a very nice house; all it needs is a little imagination to make it quite attractive, and she'd like to come back next week and bring her husband because he wants to know about (6) the commuting situation, (7) the golf situation and (8) do I think they could make a profitable living in the country raising sheep?

Then there is the artistic type, who is extremely interested in the view, and who is so disappointed that it is raining today because she wanted to pick out Mount Washington. She has been making quite a study of New England history, she informs me, and maybe I could tell her whether those millstones in the driveway were actually used around here once, and is there an old graveyard anywhere on the property?

Her hobby is antiques, as it turns out, and she'd been rather hoping I'd have a Dutch oven, and an old-fashioned well on the front lawn with one of those quaint buckets on a long pole, or perhaps a spinning wheel in the hall where I carded my own wool. She is a little dashed to discover that the house is wired for modern electricity, but brightens somewhat when I assure her that the power goes off now and then during a thunderstorm and we all have to use candles, just as our ancestors did.

By way of contrast, there is the practical type, who ignores the rest of the house and makes at once for the cellar. He has an almost morbid interest in the plumbing and demands to know every last detail of the system. Personally I have no idea what all those pipes down there are for, and I wouldn't know a copper reducer from a three-quarter-inch female elbow, but I hasten to assure him that everything works. He demands the exact figures on taxes and insurance, and puts me through a grueling two-hour cross-examination to find out how much fuel the furnace consumes over a six-month period, and what the kilowatt consumption of my quick-freezer is. A sample question-and-answer session may go like this:

Q.: Is your oil burner silent?
A.: What did you say?
Q.: Is your oil burner silent?
A.: Just a minute till I shut off the oil burner so I can hear you.
Q.: How many baths do you have?
A.: *(gaily)* One every Saturday.
Q.: Is the house fully insulated?
A.: Just to be sure, I sometimes throw a blanket over the ridgepole on very cold nights.
Q.: How do you keep warm in winter?
A.: I go to Florida.

Last but not least, there is the suspicious type, who disappears while the rest of the party is downstairs somewhere, and who may be discovered a few minutes later prowling around the attic, poking the point of his penknife into the overhead beams in search of termites. He is obviously convinced that I am putting over a shady deal of some sort, and listens with a skeptical smile when I try to tell him that the damp spot on the carpet is not caused by a leak in the roof, but owing to the fact that my dog isn't housebroken. He pounces triumphantly on every crack in the wall or slight sag in the floor, and is beside himself with joy when he discovers a couple of shingles missing. I'll never forget the light in his eye the time the front doorknob came off in his hand.

Somehow I am never any good against this type of customer. I find myself assuming a guilty expression (the same kind of shifty look that I get on my face whenever I enter a bank), and I start to make all sorts of apologetic excuses about my home. I go out of my way to point out to him that some of the windows need putty, the driveway has washed badly in a couple of places and the guest-room window sticks. My house is as sound as the mountain it stands on, but I act as though I confidently expected the whole edifice to collapse in a shower of plaster the moment I took my hand away from the ceiling. Usually I end by thanking him for not turning me over to the federal housing authorities.

As a matter of fact, I've been reading over that advertisement I wrote, and I think I may buy the place myself. The description makes it sound very attractive, and I don't know where I'd find a better bargain. What's more, it's the only way I'll ever get any privacy again. Let them honk their horns in my driveway. I'll refuse to answer when . . .

Please excuse me. I think that's my front doorbell now.

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

She'd been hoping I'd have a spinning wheel

She never comes to a decision about anything

His interest in the plumbing is morbid

He pounces triumphantly on every crack in the plaster

HUDSON SETS

The interior of the fabulous 1953 Hudson Hornet is luxurious far beyond the car's price. Here is restful color harmony in your choice of two ensembles to complement exterior car colors. Here is long-wearing nylon in checked patterns, framed with easily cleaned nylon bolster cloth in solid color tones.

This two-toned luxury is combined with practical Dura-fab that can be cleaned with a damp cloth—will not scuff, crack or peel. Foam rubber seat cushions have new bolstered and rolled-edge contours for greater ease and comfort. The large 16-inch center arm rest (sedans and coupes) is a typical luxury feature.

HERE THEY are, the beautiful new Hudsons for 1953 . . .

The fabulous Hudson Hornet, winner of 45 out of 53 stock-car races in 1952—a record never even approached by any other make! And the spectacular new Hudson Wasps, lower-priced running mates of the Hornet.

You've never seen cars so lovely, never driven anything so thrilling, so safe, so comfortable, so everlastingly durable as these Hudsons in their smart new 1953 styling.

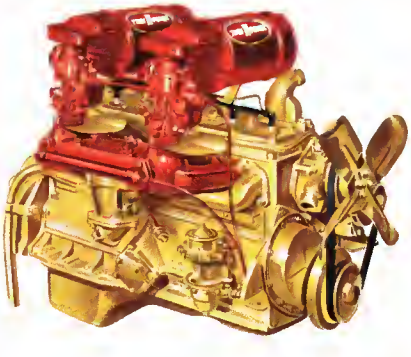
And feel these new Hudsons hug the road on turns: the result of Hudson's celebrated and exclusive "step-down" design, which gives them the lowest center of gravity of any American car.

And finally, thrill to their new colors, their decorator-approved interiors and fabrics, their more comfortable seats. You'll agree: Nothing—no other car—can come even close to Hudsons in 1953! See them today.

Three great new series for '53—the fabulous Hudson Hornet, the Hudson Super Wasp and the Hudson Wasp. Twin H-Power (on the Hornet and Super Wasp), Overdrive or new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive and Solex Safety Glass (tinted, anti-glare) are optional at extra cost.

Announcing

A FABULOUS



Sensational engine development

NEW! TWIN H-POWER*

Through this new system of multiple fueling, more surging energy than ever before is developed from every drop of gas. Premium fuel is not required.

And because Hudson engines are so extremely rugged and durable, this power plus can be harnessed for you to command.

**Optional on the Hudson Hornet and Super Wasp at extra cost.*

UNBELIEVABLE TILL YOU TRY IT! COME IN TODAY!

...with an all-time record in stock-car contests for performance, safety and durability

THE STYLE FOR 1953

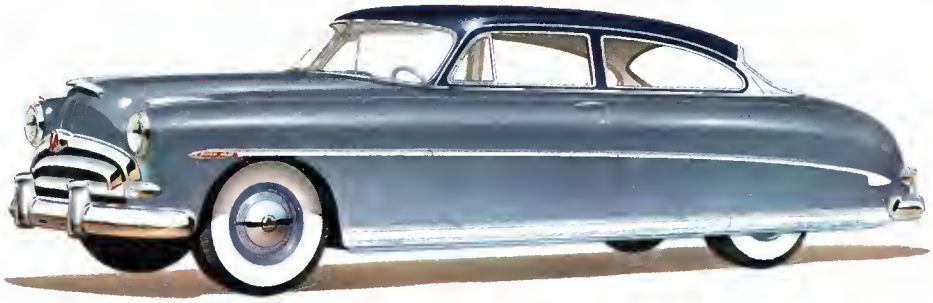
Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

NEW HUDSON HORNET

AND A SPECTACULAR NEW HUDSON WASP

See these two lower-priced running mates of the fabulous Hudson Hornet: the spectacular 1953 Hudson Super Wasp, with its high-compression H-127 engine and new, decorator-planned interior; and the sensational 1953 Hudson Wasp, with its high-compression H-112 engine and new, lovely fabrics and interior trim. Both feature Hudson's exclusive "step-down" design, for the lowest center of gravity of any U. S. car, and Hudson's Monobilt body-and-frame† for America's safest car construction. Be sure to see them at your Hudson dealer's today.

†Trade-mark. Patents pending.



New 1953 Hudson Super Wasp Six-Passenger Sedan in Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling at standard sedan and coupe prices.

A toast to the holiday host who serves TAYLOR'S Champagnes for delightful entertaining. And as a very special gift in a gay, gold and red package* . . . TAYLOR'S is a sparkling choice! The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists & Producers, Hammondsport, New York.

*Available at your retail store . . . regulations permitting.

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, N.Y.

IS YOUR BODY IN

Because the length of time you can feel vibration offers a clue to your health, tuning forks may become as important to doctors as to musicians

JOE MONROE

With tuning fork and stop watch, Dr. Samuel Goldblatt tests vibratory sensitivity of Dorothy Visser

TUNE?

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

NEXT time you go to your doctor for a checkup, don't be alarmed if, at some point, he reaches into his desk drawer and brings forth a tuning fork and a stop watch. He plans neither to audition you for the church choir nor time you on the 120-yard high hurdles; his intent is serious, and what he is about to try on you with these unlikely instruments may prove of major importance to your health.

He will simultaneously start the stop watch and strike the tuning fork on the heel of his hand hard enough to make the tines click together—thus achieving maximum activity. Then, by means of a small rod driven horizontally through the shaft of the fork, he will suspend the fork between your index and middle fingers and ask you to tell him the precise moment when you no longer feel any vibration. Learning the exact length of time you feel it can, in certain circumstances, be as valuable to him as knowing your temperature or blood pressure.

Probably your doctor first learned of this test at the annual convention of the American Medical Association in Chicago last June. Among the nearly six miles of display booths was the exhibit of Dr. Samuel Goldblatt, a Cincinnati dermatologist. Graphs and charts reported the results of his experiments with the tuning fork on 2,500 patients in the past eight years. The tuning fork, Dr. Goldblatt's exhibit showed, will not only help diagnose such diseases as hypothyroidism, leukemia, syphilis, diabetes, pernicious and secondary anemia, psoriasis, syringomyelia, multiple sclerosis, hyperthyroidism, but may also accurately indicate whether these ills are being effectively treated.

As a diagnostic tool, the tuning fork has been as useful to Dr. Goldblatt as a thermometer; a low vibratory sensitivity, like a high fever, alerts him for trouble. The fork does not tell him exactly *what* is wrong with the patient. But, like the thermometer, it serves as a guidepost for further investigation, and does so with equal speed, for although tests with the fork can be made on 30 or more separate parts of the body, he has found that, in 90 per cent of the cases, any depression of the vibratory sense will show up when the fingertips alone are tested—an important timesaver, for the fingertip test requires no longer than taking a temperature.

The tuning fork is no less valuable for checking the success of treatment. "Probably the blood sedimentation test is the closest analogy," Dr. Goldblatt explains. "If the blood of a patient suffering from, say T.B. or arthritis is placed in a calibrated tube, the red corpuscles separate from the rest of the blood at a far faster rate than they do if the person is healthy. If the condition of the patient improves, the rate of separation decreases. If cured, the rate will be normal.

"Now let's suppose that a man can feel the vibrations of the fork for only 60 per cent of the normal length of time—which, with my fork, is one minute for the fingertips. We look for the cause and find that, in this instance, he has hypothyroidism. He is given thyroid; almost immediately, his vibratory sensitivity is improved. If treatment is continued and the proper balance in the body is restored, he will, barring other complications, feel the vibration of the fork for the normal period of time."

To test the possibility that the drug itself, rather than an improvement in the patient, might be causing a rise in his vibratory level, Dr. Goldblatt experimented by crisscrossing treatment—giving penicillin, for example, to hypothyroid cases and thyroid to syphilitics. There were no changes in the various vibratory levels.

The tuning fork is actually no newcomer to medicine. When the English musician, John Shore, trumpeter to Her Majesty Queen Anne, invented the device in 1711, he was concerned only with musicians and their need to agree on the exact pitch of a given note. In the next century, however, medical men began to experiment with the fork. First they established the fact that there is a vibratory sense in the human body. Later they found that certain diseases of the central nervous system obliterate the perception. Since the second discovery, doctors have used the tuning fork as one of the standard tests—along with others for pain, heat and cold—in all neurologic cases.

But usually all they have wanted to see is whether or not the vibratory sense remains: they have only rarely been concerned with how long the patient can feel the vibration.

Studies of Blast Injury

The *duration* of sensitivity as a routine test was brought into play during World War II. Dr. Aaron Roth, of Brooklyn, who was then attached to various Army hospitals in Europe, became curious about the effect of blast injury on the vibratory sense of combat soldiers. It was his theory—later proved correct—that their vibratory sense would be lowered, but would not disappear altogether. That is why the stop watch came into use with the tuning-fork tests.

The first task was to establish the period of time that a normal person could feel the fork's vibrations, just as earlier doctors had to determine what was normal body temperature before the thermometer could be useful. Once this was done, the tests proceeded.

Dr. Goldblatt, also with the Army in Europe at the time, heard from Dr. Roth about his experiments. Dr. Goldblatt decided to broaden the inquiry by testing patients regardless of the nature of their ills. One of his earliest findings upset the generally accepted medical belief that the vibratory sense would be impaired only if the central or peripheral nervous system were severely damaged. Dr. Goldblatt discovered that even in cases of primary syphilis—long before the disease affects the nerve centers—vibratory sensitivity is depressed. When he returned to civilian practice and continued his tests with the fork, he found that a number of other diseases producing no known neurologic impairment do, however, lower vibratory sensitivity.

Mysteries of Vibration

As to what vibratory sensitivity is and how the sensation is transmitted to the brain, there are a number of theories. Rarely do two experts agree. But it is known that a patient may feel vibration on his toes, even though he can't feel pain, or distinguish between hot and cold. Dr. Goldblatt candidly says: "I can't explain why vibratory sensitivity is affected by certain diseases. I only know that the tuning fork does reflect their presence and tells when the treatment is effective. I don't know why the body becomes hotter when it's attacked by some germs, but that doesn't make the thermometer any less useful."

Since a large part of medical science operates on this empirical basis, the tuning-fork test has stirred widespread interest in the United States and Europe. Besides his display at the last A.M.A. convention and his reports in medical journals, Dr. Goldblatt has also shown the results of his experiments to the American Academy of Dermatologists.

Meanwhile, Dr. Goldblatt is pursuing his researches. Several months ago he began experimenting with an electronic machine which he designed to test sensitivity in five vibratory frequencies—70, 120, 240, 480 and 960 cycles per second. The transmitting instrument—bullet-shaped, with a moving prong at the end—rests on the patient's fingertip. The doctor gradually increases the action of the prong until the patient can feel the vibration. A calibrated dial gives an exact reading of the degree of movement at the moment the threshold of sensitivity is reached.

After Dr. Goldblatt has the figures for the five frequencies, he plots them on a graph chart and thus establishes a vibratory curve for the patient. It is his theory that in certain diseases the patient may feel vibration in some frequencies and not in others.

Since the work with the machine is still in the primary stage, no flat conclusions about its potential value can be drawn. Dr. Goldblatt's great hope, however, is that each disease affecting the vibratory sense will form its own individual curve on the graph sheet, and that a doctor looking at this pattern will find it to be a clue to the probable cause of the patient's trouble. Obviously, time and thousands of additional experiments will be needed before this can happen.

Trumpeter Shore's only interest in vibration was to develop a tool useful to musicians, but it now seems that he made an even more important contribution to the leaders in our war against pain and death. ▲▲▲

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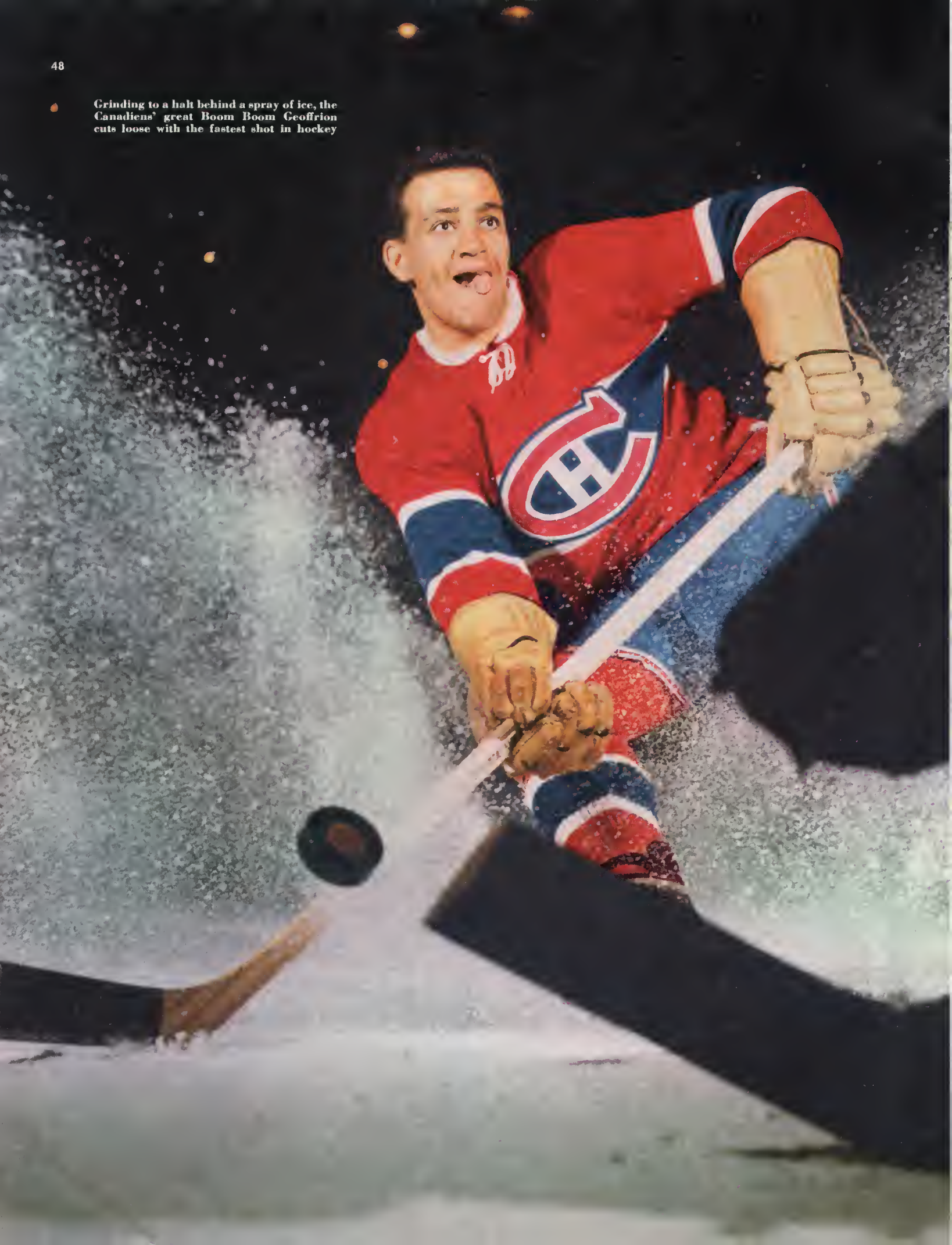


Grinding to a halt behind a spray of ice, the Canadiens' great Boom Boom Geoffrion cuts loose with the fastest shot in hockey

BOOM BOOM!

Whenever young Bernie Geoffrion drives in a goal, happy Montreal fans scream, "Bon, bon, Boom Boom"

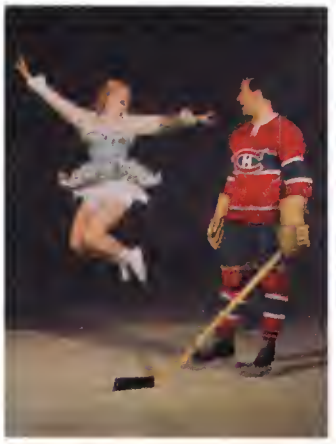
THE Mickey Mantle of big-league hockey is the Montreal Canadiens' husky, dark-haired right wing, Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion. Like baseball's Mantle, Geoffrion is young (twenty-one), colorful, still a little unpolished as a player, but, according to the experts, destined for true greatness in his sport. He hits the puck with such power that no less an authority than manager Frank Boucher, of the New York Rangers, insists: "I don't know of anyone in hockey who has ever had a harder and faster shot." Boucher should know. A three-time All-League center in the early 1930s, he has seen them all.

The blazing speed of Geoffrion's shots and the resulting booming noise when they ricochet off the boards earned him his nickname when he was a teen-ager still playing amateur hockey in Montreal. And last season—his first full one as a professional—Boom Boom combined accuracy with that speed to drive in 30 goals, the third highest total in the National Hockey League. His scoring ability also helped net him the Calder Memorial Trophy, and the $1,000 that goes with it, for being the league's best rookie.

In hockey-mad Montreal, where about 70 per cent of the population is French-Canadian, it was only natural for native son Geoffrion to become an immediate civic hero. But to the advantages of a Gallic heritage (he couldn't speak English until 2½ years ago) and his skill on ice, Boom Boom promptly added an asset which clinched his place in the hearts of Montrealers. Last spring, to the joy of sentimental local fans, he married Marlene Morenz, daughter of the late Howie Morenz, the Canadiens' legendary hockey hero of a quarter century ago. A crowd of more than 3,000 jammed around the church the day of the wedding.

Geoffrion's great ambition is someday to eclipse the records of his honored teammate, Maurice (the Rocket) Richard. Early this season—his eleventh with Montreal—Richard scored the 325th goal of his career to break the all-time league scoring mark.

Dick Irvin, the Canadiens' coach, thinks Boom Boom has at least the same potential as Richard. "His only real weakness right now is defensive checking," says Irvin. "But on offense Geoffrion's a terrific shot, a good stick handler and, at five feet ten and 175 pounds, just about the right size and weight. He could become the greatest."



Marlene Geoffrion also feels at home on ice. In past, she has won local figure-skating titles

The Geoffrions, who expect a baby in February, study a photo of Marlene's dad, Howie Morenz

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

HAND-ME-

By HELEN COTTON

WHEN Mr. Whipple telephoned that he couldn't get home in time, the family went in to dinner without him. Verne, in his quick, brash way, made a sudden leap for the head of the table, appropriating his father's place. Clyde, to whom such a thing wouldn't have occurred, stood and glared indignantly.

"Okay, okay, don't look at me like that." Verne waved him down. "You can have *my* chair."

"No, thanks." Clyde dropped into his usual place. "I got enough of your things already."

Mrs. Whipple made a neat three-point landing with a hot casserole. "Now don't start anything, boys—just because your father isn't here."

As usual, Clyde thought, she didn't notice that Verne had started it. She even laughed when he polished the serving spoon on the napkin just like his father, made the same wide sweep as he dished the chicken pie.

"Here, hideous." He served his brother with a grin.

"Thanks, repulsive."

Actually, Verne was handsome and Clyde was on his way there, almost as tall as his brother and equally well proportioned. But Clyde's hair and complexion were still unruly, and he had the hangdog air of one forever walking in somebody else's shadow. The very shirt on his back, like so many of his possessions, had belonged to Verne, who'd been clever enough to get himself born first.

"Going to the game tonight?" Verne made the question casual, but Clyde was wary. This might be another trap. Verne could skip gracefully out of any job from lawn mowing to company dishes, and push Clyde into it, making the action seem just and right.

"Maybe I'm going and maybe I'm not."

"Oh, Clyde—sit up straight and talk decently to your brother. He just asked you a civil question."

Clyde raised his chin and his shoulders, momentarily. "I'm going around to pick up the gang. If we feel like the game, we'll drift over. How do I know what we'll want to do two hours from now?"

"All right, dear," his mother murmured, with irritating sweetness. "You don't have to get mad about it."

"Why don't you get yourself a date, and take in the dance afterward?" Verne's suggestion was sudden and surprising. "Or are you going to hang around with the boys, like a kid, the rest of your life?"

Mother and brother regarded him in flabbergasted silence. In the year or two since Verne had discovered GIRLS, his manner had insistently implied that they were all for him. Every date was a conquest. Now he gave Clyde a knowing wink. "Just say the word, kid. I can fix it for you."

"Dry up! When I want a date, I can get one myself."

"It's not easy for everybody. You got to have a line."

"One of these days you'll hang yourself on yours."

"Really, Clyde, you can just refuse," his mother said admonishingly. "You don't have to get nasty."

Clyde hunched again over his plate. She was always on his brother's side. He could twist her around like any other girl. Just because he was glib and nimble-minded and sunny-natured. While he, Clyde, always lost control, showed his hurt and talked surly.

"The thing is I have two dates for tonight," Verne announced grandly, and went on eating.

"Stop bragging!" said his mother.

"That was Gloria Morgenstern who called me a while ago."

"Gloria—Lana—Betty Grable!" Clyde scoffed. "They just can't leave you alone, can they?"

"She invited me to the Masque Club Revel up at the

"Oh, lovely," she said, holding the corsage up. Oh, mush, Clyde thought, and recovered himself. Tricks and poses, just like the girls his brother liked. Beasts, Clyde called them

DOWN

Getting his brother's castoffs was an old story to Clyde. What he drew the line at was inheriting Verne's secondhand girl

hotel tonight." Trying to be bland about it, Verne was betrayed by a tremor in his voice. He was actually telling the truth, they realized.

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" Even Mrs. Whipple was impressed. "Is that who you were talking to all that time? Your father said he couldn't get through for half an hour."

"Don't tell me the great Gloria's been stood up at the last minute?" Clyde said, making a shrewd guess.

"She was going with Jeff Johnson —but he's got chicken pox, so I'm elected," Verne crowed.

"Why you?" Smooth as he was, Verne didn't quite rate admission to Gloria's little circle of big rah-rahs, if only because the Whipples didn't live on the Hill. "Oh, I get it. Everyone's paired off now."

"Trouble is I already have a date for the game and dance," Verne said, and dug into the casserole again.

"Oh, that's too bad!" Mrs. Whipple sounded genuinely disappointed. The boys stared at her. "I mean it's too bad about the boy having chicken pox."

"One man's pox is another man's prize," Verne said smugly.

Gravity darkened Mrs. Whipple's eyes. In a stern voice she asked, "Didn't you tell Gloria you were busy this evening?"

Verne regarded his mother as if she'd lost her senses. "Can you tell Princess Margaret, 'Sorry, Your Highness, some other time maybe'?"

CLYDE saw what was coming, and his blood began to heat. He made a ball of his paper napkin, wishing it were lead. "Oh, no, you don't!" he said to Verne, who was looking at him with a wheedling expression.

"I've called every guy I know," Verne cried in genuine anguish. "They're all tied up—naturally." So that's what he'd been doing all that time on the telephone. "You'll like this kid, Clyde. She's the neatest little dish in the freshman class. Maybe you know her. Rosemary Bliss. A half-pint—with eyes." Verne indicated they were big as headlights. "You couldn't do better."

"I can pick a better girl with my eyes closed."

"And drop dead when you open them!"

"Boys, boys!" Mrs. Whipple tried to intercede.

"I bet you haven't even called that little drip and told her the date's off."

"At the last minute?" Verne was aghast.

"You could tell her you had chicken pox."

"That'd be great!—especially when she sees me around."

Clyde was now enjoying his brother's predicament. "How can she see you if she stays home tonight?"

Verne regarded him with pitying contempt. "She doesn't have to see me. It'll be all over school tomorrow that I was Gloria's date tonight." A lick of pride was in his voice. Half the fun of dating the Glorias of this world was having the world know it.

"Now, Verne—" Mrs. Whipple struck the table to make herself heard. "Your first obligation is to Rosemary. You asked her, remember? So call Gloria right away and—"

"Shame on you, Mom! Telling me to stand a girl up!"

"Gloria only called you in an emergency."

Verne refused to be deflated. "She could've called somebody else."

"How do you know she didn't?" Clyde asked, slipping in a neat jab. "Maybe you're tenth on the list."

THE blow seemed to catch Verne between the eyes. He reared back. But in a moment he'd recovered. "Whichever girl I take, the other will be left in the lurch. But everything will come out even, if Clyde takes Rosemary."

"Nothing doing!" Clyde pushed back his chair for a hasty exit.

"Hold on!" His mother flagged him down. "When you ask for favors, Verne, don't dictate the terms. Clyde should at least choose the girl he prefers. If he'd rather take Gloria—"

"That infant! Oh, Mom, you don't know what you're talking about." Verne briefed her quickly on Haddon High mores. "Clyde being a soph, he can take a freshman like Rosemary, but not a junior. Gloria and I are in the same class so it's okay."

Mrs. Whipple gave up with a wide despairing gesture. "Well, that's that, I suppose. Don't be selfish, Clyde. You'll probably wind up at the game anyway. What harm is there in walking over with a girl?"

What harm? Couldn't she see that this was striking at the very roots of his being, his budding manhood?

"You can wear my good suit," Verne offered, as if the matter was settled. "I'm borrowing Pop's tux."

"Now isn't that sweet!" Clyde beat down tears of rage.

"And take that maroon tie that goes with it," Verne went on magnanimously. "Keep it if you like."

"Any other old rags, old shoes?" Clyde was up behind his chair, clutching it as if he might hurl it. "You think it's all settled because Mom's on your side. Well, let me tell you. I'm sick of getting everything you're through with. Your old bike, your old mitt. I bet I didn't even have new diapers. And now, your old girls—"

Tearing up the stairs, Clyde sounded like a mob of angry men. He slammed his door so hard he shook the whole upper story. Then he was

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alone in his room—the room that had been Verne's until they reconverted the sleeping porch—with tears scorching his cheeks. That they had made him cry like a child was the final indignity!

HOW long he sat on the edge of his bed, his face in his hands, he didn't know. Grief made the time seem long and heavy. Then he got up and saw his telltale face in the glass. But he didn't go to wash until he was sure that Verne had changed clothes and left the house.

When Clyde came back, his mother was in his room, ostensibly putting clean laundry in a dresser drawer. He did not look at her as he picked up his comb and tried to smooth down his hair while it was still wet.

"Clyde, honey, would you do something for me?"

"Sure, Mom. For you I'd do anything." When she spoke in this gentle way, he always felt himself melting.

"You're my smart boy and my good boy," Mrs. Whipple said, veering a little. "And I can talk to you as I can't to anyone else."

"You always say that—and then take Verne's side." One lock of hair at the center of the big whorl still stood up like a stiff plume, and Clyde kept on combing.

"Years from now, son, when you're a parent, you'll find out something you never even suspected." She paused a moment, letting the spell of intimacy grow. Maybe she knew how much he loved these intermittent twosomes behind a closed door. "You'll learn that when parents seem to favor one child, it's because that one needs something extra. More help, more indulgence . . ."

In the mirror, Clyde gazed in wonder at his mother perched on the foot of the bed. Verne needed the extras? Why, Verne was the one who had everything already.

"Clyde, I can't bear to think of that little girl, dressed up, ready to go—and nobody coming to get her. It might have a bad effect on her for the rest of her life."

"Gee, Mom—I promised to meet the gang."

"One less in a crowd—what does that matter?"

"Well, gosh—" Clyde, weakening, felt confused. "Shouldn't Verne phone her or—or something? How can I just go walking in? Maybe she'll get mad and refuse to go with me. What can I do then?"

"It's too late for phoning. Besides, that will give her time to feel hurt or suspicious. If you just walk in and make some excuse for Verne, she'll go with you. Don't worry. And all you have to do is be polite. You don't have to like the girl, dear. And you don't have to see her again."

"I don't know, Mom." He still hesitated. How could he say that he was scared? So far his brushes with girls had been coincidental. He hadn't yet had a real calling-for-a-girl date. There'd be a family to meet, and walking down the street in full view of people. And what would the guys say, the ones he was deserting? He and Harry and Ted and the Bleeker twins stuck together for safety, for warmth. They felt naked and vulnerable when they were apart.

Mrs. Whipple went toward the door. "Do as you please, of course, dear. I'm going over to the Herberts' for a little bridge."

He had to wear Verne's good suit after all. Not because he was letting himself be badgered, but because his own good suit was still at the cleaner's. Anyway, he put on a tie of his own. Through a fog of mutinous thoughts he heard the doorbell ringing, ringing . . .

A messenger was on the porch with a delivery from Worth the Florist to "Whipple, 119 Vesper Street." Verne was certainly putting on the dog for Gloria! He couldn't have gone yet, in this case. He must be across the street at Phil Caslip's showing himself off in Pop's tux.

Alone in the hall Clyde examined the transparent box. On a deep soft white bed lay a gardenia corsage, tied with a silver ribbon. Boy, what swank! A sudden gleam came into his eyes.

Like a shot, he was through the house into the kitchen. He found a brown paper bag and put the revealing box into it. He might meet Verne on his way out, or one of the gang on the way over. However, the coast was clear as he headed for Rosemary Bliss's house. There ought to be some justice in the world, he thought wryly, poetic or otherwise.

Bliss, E. J., opened the front door looking like a man aroused from an after-dinner nap on the sofa. His hair was rumpled. His pull-over sweater had curled up to his chest. He certainly didn't have the air of a man expecting a caller. Nor did the pleasant living room into which he rather dazedly invited Clyde. The evening paper was open and scattered, and the ash tray on the coffee table had several butts in it.

Mrs. Bliss came into the living room wearing an apron and drying her hands on a towel. She hastily discarded both, when she saw the brushed-up boy and his festive box. He'd discarded the bag in a bush at the corner.

"Will you tell Rosemary that Clyde Whipple is here?" The Blisses regarded him a little blankly. *"Clyde,"* he repeated, playing it fair, in case Rosemary wanted to check out unseen. He'd just leave the loot and beat it, and thank his lucky stars.

LOOKING a little perplexed, Mrs. Bliss asked him to wait, and went up the stairs.

"Won't you sit down?" Mr. Bliss gathered up the papers to make a place. "I didn't know Rosemary was going out."

She evidently still intended to go, since her mother didn't return to dismiss Clyde. But for a girl who should have been ready ten minutes ago, she took a long time showing up.

"Verne Whipple your brother?" Mr. Bliss opened the conversation as so many people did.

It turned out that Mr. Bliss was an engineer employed by the city waterworks where Verne had worked during vacation last summer. Everyone seemed to have known Verne first, from the family doctor to the teachers in school. Clyde felt he suffered by comparison. He couldn't give out with a flow of easy, bright chatter. And when they took to singing Verne's praises, as Mr. Bliss was doing now, he went into a tongue-tied funk. At last Rosemary appeared.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," she said, coming toward him. Her smile was shy.

Clyde clumped to his feet. "Verne couldn't make it—and I was going anyway . . ."

Without really looking, he pushed the present at her, as if it were a summons she might want to dodge.

"Oh, thank you." Her voice was soft

and ladylike. Or was she putting it on? "How nice of you to come by for me."

He dared to look at her, now that she was busy with the box and not looking at him. For a moment, surprise drowned out his antipathy for this role, his reluctance to be here. He'd seen this kid around school but never with his brother. She wasn't Verne's type. He liked them bold and showy and obvious. Beasts, Clyde called them. Rosemary looked quiet and sweet and full of secrets. Verne hadn't exaggerated about her eyes, but he'd neglected to mention her tiptilted nose and her shining brown hair.

"Oh, lovely!" She held the corsage up to the shoulder of her green wool dress and half closed her eyes.

Oh, mush, Clyde thought, and recovered himself. Tricks and poses, just like the beasts. "I guess we'd better start," he muttered.

Naturally, he expected her to why-and-wherefore him about the unaccounted-for switch. But she didn't even mention Verne as she clipped along beside him in the crisp winter night, taking two steps to his one. Actually, she appeared pleased, even delighted to be with Clyde. But he didn't allow himself to be taken in. Anyone who expected to go out with Verne couldn't hurrah about going out with his kid brother.

"Verne didn't have a chance even to call you," he said at last. Too late he realized that, like other people, he was making his brother the subject of conversation.

"Oh, that's all right." Rosemary gave him one of her bright, darting side glances. "We'll get along."

Didn't it matter *who* called for her, just so she had a date? Or was she politely concealing her disappointment? She didn't have to put anything on for him. He wasn't putting anything on for her. Well, not much.

Funny thing was that the mention of Verne's name didn't set her off like a commercial for the product. She appeared to have dismissed him from her tongue, if not from her mind, sparing Clyde the necessity of inventing lies, at which he wasn't very good anyway. For this he felt a growing warm gratitude. Not a bad specimen, this kid, even if she was so young and so small. She came just to his shoulder.

If only they didn't run into any of his gang—Clyde shuddered at the thought of the open jeers, the sneers. They were the last bunch in their class holding out against the common enemy—women. Not that they'd talked it over and agreed. It was understood. One break in the ranks could be fatal for all. Was he to be the traitor?

Clyde felt reasonably safe until they got close to school. He'd counted on the lateness of the hour for protection. Everybody who was going to the game was already there. Once inside they could mix with the mob. It would be easy to pretend he'd run into Rosemary coming in, or just happened to be sitting next to her. If she expected him to take her to the dance later, she had another guess coming. He'd run enough risks already.

WITHOUT losing step, Rosemary ducked her face to the flower, inhaled audibly, and let out a long breath of pleasure. "I never had a corsage before," she suddenly confided.

"Oh, didn't you?" Then it was a first both ways. An outlaw quiver of exhilaration cracked his defenses, and Clyde ventured a longer look at her. In the dim street light, her face was like a flower, too—soft and fresh. He knew what he must do later—pay Verne for the corsage to cancel out the trick he'd played on him. A thing like this ought to be clean and honest, somehow.

Up in the big gallery of the gym, the crowd was on its feet yelling when the stragglers entered. Not even the kids they sat down next to noticed them. At this point, the visiting team from Eden made a spectacular basket, and he forgot everything but the game. Well, not quite everything.

To his dismay, even shame, he had to keep reminding himself he was doing this only for his mother. He wasn't interested in a girl his brother had passed along with his suit. In any girl, for that matter. His heart belonged to his buddies, whole or in slices, whichever they preferred.

But how to explain the edge, the savor of the evening, with Haddon High playing as if they had lead in their sneakers? When he rose shouting, something other than the excitement of the game buoyed him up, until he thought he might float away. Every touch of Rosemary's arm, every

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quickly shared glance of joy or dismay had an electric charge packed into it. Once, in a tense moment, sbe squeezed his hand, and it seemed to him that his blood ran wild. A bold, turbulent thought came trespassing. It might be fun to have a girl of his own!

AT THE end of the game, when Haddon rallied spectacularly, only to lose in the last minute of play, Rosemary and Clyde did just what other couples were doing. They clung together, groaning with grief.

"Oh, I can't stand it," she wailed. "I want to cry."

"Cry on my shoulder," he yelled over the blare of the school hand.

As if a searchlight had fallen in their faces, Clyde felt they'd been picked out, were being observed. He gave Rosemary a little push and, burning with guilt, looked down. Sure enough, his gang was there, looking up. The Blecker boys, Ted and Harry. All with varying expressions of awe, admiration, and naked envy. Mouths agape, eyes wide and hungry.

Clyde's astonishment faded into critical irritation. You'd think those bums would fix themselves up once in a while. They weren't fit to meet Rosemary, if that's what they had in mind. They looked as if they'd arrived down a laundry chute.

"We don't *have* to go to the dance," Rosemary's voice floated up. She'd sensed some new undercurrent and was giving it her own interpretation.

At that moment the crowd, trying to get out, swept her into the aisle and around to the stairs. Clyde felt a wrench, as if he'd lost a limb. He pressed and fought his way forward, made the turn and found Rosemary trying to stay fixed in the tide by hugging a wall. What made him gulp suddenly was the sigbt of her band, curved protectively over her first corsage.

"What do you mean we don't *have* to go? I want to—don't you?" The simple fact astounded Clyde. Only bludgeoning had driven him to the periodical after-school get-togethers where he'd learned to move his feet in time to the music.

Down on the gym floor, the dance began in high, as if it had been going on for hours. The rule was that, whatever time it started, it had to be over by eleven. Only seventy-two minutes from now.

"You're super," Rosemary smiled after the first swing around.

"So are you!" He wished he'd said it first.

He hadn't known he was going to feel this surging pride in being with a girl and being seen with one. He seemed to have entered a larger fraternity than the one he'd just deserted. Fellows all around gave him nods of welcome and approval. Girls, other than the one he was with, looked at him with more acute interest than they'd ever shown before.

But he didn't get to keep his date to himself. His own gang came bearing down, fresh from a dab of water and a comb, all wanting a turn witb Rosemary, though there were dozens of girls who'd come alone and needed partners.

When at last Clyde got her back, he was almost frightened by his sense of possessiveness, his pure singing joy.

"Together again," he said in her ear.

She turned her head to look at him. Then she said something he'd been spared so far. Most people said it in the first five minutes. "You know—you're not at all like your hrother."

All the lights in Clyde went out. He knew only too well.

The orchestra started to play a loud and strident version of Home, Sweet Home above a cborus of protesting groans from all over the floor. For Clyde tbe dance couldn't he over soon enough. He'd been compared and found lacking, cut down to size again—and it served him right. Going overboard for a hand-me-down of Verne's!

Off at one entrance tbere was a hit of commotion. Gloria Morgenstern & Compauy had dropped in to honor the school with their presence the last few breathless moments. In their evening clotbes, thcy looked like peacocks among tbe quail.

COLLIER'S "Why? What's wrong with one that starts out 'Greetings . . .'?" ROBERT DAY

When Clyde saw them, all his protective instincts were aroused. Rosemary had hurt him, but he didn't want her to be hurt. Then he noticed that beside Gloria was some stranger, an older guy, nineteen or twenty. He swept her into the noisy whirl, and she clung to him likc a stamp to an envelope.

Verne had had the decency to stay out of sight, Clyde tbougbt, on a rare rise of respect for bim.

THEN he saw his brother, plenty sharp in the tux, but alone. There was something forlorn and beaten in his attitude as he searched the crowd. Clyde knew instantly for whom he was looking.

He glanced down anxiously. To his surprise, Rosemary's expression was one of amusement. "I *thought* something better had turned up for Verne," she said, and laugbed.

Well, if that's all the pride she had, he'd turn her rigbt over to Verne and be happy to do it. Hang the etiquette that said the first dance and last had to be with your date.

Verne had spotted them and hrightened. He was waving like mad. Maneuvering out of the dense interior, Clyde hcaded his way. At this, the hand in his tightened its hold. "Don't let go of me," Rosemary said sternly, foreseeing his intention.

"Hi, half-pint!" Verne sailed forward, smile and arms wide.

Rosemary gave him a cool, silent brush-off and gripped her partner's shoulder.

"Beat it!" said Clyde.

Verne came skipping after them, jocular but determined. "Treason! I only loaned her to you. I didn't give her away." He made a desperate effort to cut in.

"'Loaned'!" A quick flush of indignation stained the girl's face. "I wouldn't have come with you tonight if you *had* shown up. Or any other night. I never said I would."

Clyde swung his partner centerward for safety, leaving Verne stranded on the side lines. What did she mean she hadn't said she'd come with him?

Home, Sweet Home came to an end just then. Immediately the gym was filled with a pandemonium of whistling and applause. At the nearest exit, the crowd cleared a path for Gloria and ber entourage as if for royalty. There were three couples, Clyde noted. Gloria was up ahead with the stranger and, tagging bchind by himself, was Verne.

Clyde's heart contracted. He didn't know he could feel sorry for his brother. Clearly, something hetter had turned up for Gloria after she'd called Verne, and she hadn't hesitated to do to him what he'd done to Rosemary.

"I didn't have a date with Verne tonight, not by my lights," Rosemary told Clyde as they walked home. "I never have dated him. I wasn't even dressed when you came."

The stars overhead were less bewildering than what the girl was trying to tell him. "I don't get it," Clyde said shaking his bead.

"Verne never *asked* me to go with him. He *told* me hc was taking me to the game. Then he stalked off, like a shah or a lord or something. Never stopped to listen to what I had to say."

That sounded familiar. Many times Clyde had heard his brother on the phone, setting up an evening in just such fashion. He'd marveled that the girls fell into line.

"When I heard it was *you* who'd come—with flowers—well, I thought it was terribly sweet. I dressed quick, like a fireman and—" she gave a happy little sigh, "and I'm glad I did."

"Me, too."

"Isn't it funny that kids in the same family are so different? Verne's such a know-it-all and show-off. You're so quiet and—and almost bashful. But I bet you're deep."

So that was what she meant! It had never occurred to Clyde that he could seem taller by a yardstick that had already measured bis brother.

"Thanks for a lovely evening," Rosemary murmured, outside the front door of her house.

"Would you go with me to the North Platte game next week?" Clyde plunged. "I'm asking you—not telling you."

She gave a delicious little laugh. "I'd love to," and touched the ghostly thing on the shoulder of her coat. "Thanks for my corsage, Clyde. Good night!"

Did she really brush him on the mouth with her lips? Clyde didn't know for sure. He might have imagined that. It happened so unexpectedly, so fast.

LATE as it was, Verne was on the telephone when Clyde got home. "Aw, now, half-pint, don't be like that. I'm taking you to the North Platte game next weck—"

Half-pint must have hung up. Clyde, slipping past the open door of the den, all hut collided with his brother coming out. In a spurt of mutual embarrassment, they flew apart. Then they stood for a moment, regarding each other soberly, man to man. A twinge of mingled pain and love darted througb Clyde's cbest.

"Thanks a lot, kid," Verne said, rallying first. "You really did it up swell. Even to the posies! That's one I never thought of."

He hadn't? Then the corsage was never a tribute to Gloria. It belonged to Rosemary from the start, by design and intention. Mom—! It must have been Mom who did it! What a sweet and clever one she was!

Vcrne smiled broadly. "I appreciate your taking care of my girl."

His girl! It seemed to take all the girls around to keep Verne's ego intact—and still it came apart at the seams. That's what Mom had tried to tell him. Only she hadn't; she couldn't tell it all. Verne was the younger one, the weaker one, even if he was older in years. His self-confidence went no deeper than the shine on his shoes.

"Oh, tbat's all right," Clyde said, with thc humility of the strong. He knew whose girl Rosemary was and so did Verne, in his heart. After the beating he'd taken tonight, he couldn't be expected to acknowledge it, not yet. Clyde moved toward the foot of the stairs, faking a yawn. "I'm hitting the sack," he said.

Verne ran his hand along Clyde's shoulder, a gesture of affection that hc turned quickly into something else. "You know, kid—this suit fits you much better than it does me. I've grown some more. I'm going to ask Pop to get me a new one. You keep this."

From habit, Clyde was about to spurn the offer with fire and venom, but he checked himself in time. "Oh, say, that's swell. Thanks a million," he said.

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The True Heart Never

Grows Cold

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

She yearned for romantic adventure. She hadn't found it in London, or in Gay Paree. But in the little Swiss inn anything might happen

THE little man at Cook's said, "Mademoiselle, avoid the banal. Young American ladies who come to Paris seeking adventure only fatten themselves on the cooking; in Italy, love is a game. But in the pure air of the mountains—in the mountains anything is possible."

He made out her tickets with real fervor, talking all the while. "There is a little train from Lucerne, and in Zermatt I will put you in a fine pension, where the soup is good and the men are big and handsome."

Mandy nodded docilely. She had been ordered about like this before. Maybe it was something about her. While the man pounded and stamped and figured, Mandy regarded herself wryly. She was a little over the age of consent; could that be the reason why every ticket agent from Capri to Glasgow had looked at her with reflective and worldly eyes, and had murmured promises of romance? The implication had definitely been that Mademoiselle was getting on—and unless the rosebuds were gathered *tout de suite*, the field might just as well be plowed under. Useless to explain that she only wanted to be part of the soaring splendor of Westminster or the quiet, twilight elegance of the Seine.

True, there had been moments when Paris darkened, when it would have been pleasant to hear, as she passed, the murmured comment, *"C'est une blonde très jolie, n'est-ce pas?"* but a certain stiffness in her carriage and a firmly clasped guidebook seemed to put people off. At any rate, nothing had happened. She had written post cards home every day; she had learned the currency; she knew better than to order *"Grives ou Merles à la liégeoise"* or *"Chevaliers divers"* from a French menu because the one meant "Blackbirds" and the other "Various sandpipers." But that was all. Not one dark-eyed man had emerged from one shadow, not one billet-doux had been slipped into her hand.

"I'll take your advice," she said to the little man, and she was on her way. . . .

IN THE chill October afternoon, the Swiss train was a lovely Victorian confection of puffy red damask seats and faded murals. It smelled of orange peel; it recalled Dickensian travels and valentines. It promised something.

Mandy had a seat by the window. She had arrived early and was the first on the train. She was wearing a hat in the form of a bacchanalian crown of grapes—she was twenty-six, vaccinated, perfumed and full of a divine sense of the impending. The other passengers began to emerge from the station. She smiled a little wryly as a woman, decidedly English and with an obvious cold, bore down on her.

Mandy dug into a book bag at her side, sifted through its contents and decided on a thin volume of Keats. It was a bad choice. The Englishwoman spied the book, crossed the aisle and came to roost beside her like an overbearing mother hen. Her voice was already beating against the delicately cadenced verse.

"Isn't Keats an absolute love? That bit about 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim.' Do you know it? But of course you do. You're an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," Mandy said.

"Traveling alone?"

"Yes."

"How brave of you. I never stirred out of England until I was too old to have anything happen to me."

Mandy looked at her companion for the first time. She was surprised at the shrewdness of the blue eyes she encountered.

"Well, my dear," the older woman was saying knowingly, "why *else* does one travel?"

"To broaden oneself," said Mandy.

"Nonsense. Are you married? No? Well, there you are."

Mandy looked unhappily over her companion's head. It was a long journey to Zermatt. She didn't at all want to discuss her private life. "Excuse me," she said, "but I want to get something in the station before we leave."

"I'll keep your place for you."

"I don't think we'll be crowded."

Mandy climbed over her companion and made for the door. She was still wearing her reading glasses; she did not see the man standing in her way. They collided sharply at the door. She saw to her dismay that she had knocked him down and that he was making no effort to get up. She peered nearsightedly down at him. "What is it?" she said. "Why aren't you getting up?"

"All in good time," he gasped. "Why did you knock me down?"

Mandy groped for her glasses and pulled them off. "These are for reading, not for seeing," she explained lamely.

The man struggled to his feet. She saw now that he was a tall shabby man in his early thirties. Plain, she thought, very plain, but he did have a rather nice face. He shook his head a little and stared at her. "You ought to be belled," he said.

Mandy was startled. "What did you say?"

"Belled," he repeated firmly, "like a cat."

"I'm very sorry if you were hurt," Mandy said, "but I've explained about the glasses and—" She broke off suddenly as she became aware that the Englishwoman was staring at them as a small boy might stare into a candy-store window. She turned back to the man. "Please let me by," she said.

He stood aside, but it was too late. Already the landscape was moving past the windows in checkered squares of light and shade, farm and garden. Mandy stood uncertainly in the cubicle, and then as she noticed a door straight ahead her face brightened. "Excuse me," she said, "I'm going into the next car."

The man continued to block her way. "If you go through that door," he said, "it will be into the next world. This happens to be the last car on the train."

Mandy sighed and glanced back toward the Englishwoman. She was nodding her head at Mandy in a gesture of encouragement and there was no doubt of its meaning—she was matchmaking. Mandy felt a tide of red rise on her face; then she saw that the shabby man was smiling faintly.

"It's one of the hazards of traveling alone," he said gently. "Members of the opposite sex are forced on one another."

Mandy's eyes widened. "Do you mean she actually thinks that I deliberately—?"

"Deliberately," he said.

"Surely you don't believe that?"

"I'd like to, but I'm a realist. The only time a young woman ever pursued me was when I accidentally left my umbrella at a teashop in Piccadilly." He paused reflectively. "It was a very good umbrella as I recall."

"That woman behind us has read too many romantic novels," Mandy said. "In books, when people collide, they never say, 'Excuse me,' and then part again—no, they end up all star-crossed and mated."

"I don't read romantic novels," he said, "but it sounds very pleasant."

"It's foolish," Mandy said.

"Yes," the man answered, "but think how stimulating it makes ordinary events. One walks down a shadowy street, waits out a rain in a doorway. Why, it gives one—something to live for."

The train began to rock as it made its chugging ascent up the mountain. The conductor hurried toward them breathlessly. "Please to seat yourselves. We make now the climb. Please." He herded them unceremoniously into adjoining seats, looked at them severely, and bustled toward the rear of the train.

Mandy looked out at the scenery with silent concentration. She would not allow that nosy old woman to drive her into a situation. At home, your sister introduced you to a dentist with good prospects, and you knew exactly where you stood.

THE train arrived at dusk. The lights polka-dotted the early darkness, and a light rain was falling. It was a child's picture-book town of balconied houses and cobbled streets, and somewhere in the distance, dark and removed, rose the heights of the Matterhorn. The passengers from the train scattered in all directions. Only the shabby man and the Englishwoman and Mandy lingered.

"Surely they sent a boy with a cart," the Englishwoman said. She raised her voice imploringly at the station master. *"Service pour* the *pension de Sandot.* Help with the baggage!" He shook his head at her. She turned to them with good-natured energy. "Well, then, if there's no help for it we must all shift for ourselves. Where are you two off for?"

"Pension Sandot," they said in unison.

They were rewarded with a pleased smile. "How jolly. We shall all be housemates. Capital."

When Mandy saw the Pension Sandot, she had the same stabbing sense of pleasure that her first dollhouse had given her, the same illogical feeling that this place, too, held fairy princes and charmed young women and love potions. Directly before the house ran a small rushing stream, with its lyrical sound of swift-running water. They hesitated a moment, breathless, before the door, and then it opened to them as if by magic.

A large woman, wearing an enveloping apron, stood in the doorway. Behind her was a room of Pickwickian comfort. There were a fire and a jar of autumn leaves and the unexpected sounds of Chopin being played softly on a badly tuned piano.

The firelight flickered in the corner of the room. The man at the piano turned, noted the appearance of guests and stopped playing. After a moment he rose and moved toward the open door. Mandy almost laughed aloud. It was a Hollywood movie—young girl, raindrops in her hair, encountering the hero. He stood quite close to her. No dentist with good prospects, he. He was tall and had the green eyes and mocking mouth, the dark hair of a Heath-

"Please to seat yourselves," the conductor said, herding them into adjoining seats. "We make now the climb." The train began its ascent

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

cliff. He was, in fact, the perfect romantic cliché. She stifled a desire to laugh as Madame Sandot urged them inside.

"Monsieur, Mesdames, welcome to Pension Sandot. It is the quiet season here. This gentleman," she turned to the dark stranger, "is my only other guest at present. Warm yourself and make the introductions. I will give you dinner and arrange your rooms."

The Englishwoman took the lead. "Miss Laura Ashton," she trumpeted hoarsely, "of Wiggam, Surrey."

The shabby man held out his hand to the dark stranger. "I'm Matthew Cane," he said.

The stranger accepted the gesture, but even as they shook hands his eyes traveled to Mandy. "And the young lady?" he said softly.

"Amanda Snow."

"My name is Roberto Venini." He stood aside so they could make their way to the fireside.

Miss Ashton rubbed her hands together with satisfaction. "This is quite tidy, you know," she said. "We're really very solitary. No other guests at all?"

Roberto shook his head.

MISS ASHTON commiserated, saying, "Poor dear, you must be quite starved for companionship. Now I'm used to making do. But you young people—well, never mind. You *do* play bridge?" Her eyes swept the other three anxiously.

They nodded obediently.

"Splendid." Miss Ashton sneezed with magnificent abandon. "Contract, of course?" They responded docilely. She struggled out of her greatcoat. "Well, I'm off to change. See you at dinner." She went out under full sail, her coat flapping behind her.

Roberto bowed toward Mandy. "We must protect you at all costs," he said. "She is sure to trump your ace."

"I've brought a goodish amount of work," said Matthew. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave the rescue to you."

Mandy threw him a quick angry glance, but Matthew only smiled and excused himself.

"I admire English tact," Roberto said, smiling. "Very good of them to leave us alone."

"I must go and change too," Mandy said primly.

Her unwillingness to be immediately sold on his charm seemed to communicate itself to Roberto, for suddenly he laughed aloud.

"I love American girls," he said with real warmth. "They have no naïveté. Not for one moment are they taken in by Continental manners. I like that."

Mandy's confusion made her more unsure than ever. "I didn't mean to be rude," she stammered.

"But you did. Don't go back on it now."

Mandy suddenly wanted to explain. "You stared at me so—just now, when I came in."

"I did," Roberto admitted. "I was trying to impress you. You come in out of the dark night to the music of Chopin. I lounge here by the fire all day consumed by boredom. I was looking for a *divertissement*." He shrugged and smiled ingenuously. "Now I see you are not that type. The *divertissement est fini*—but I think I have found a friend." His tone questioned her gently.

"Yes," Mandy said impulsively, "yes, of course."

Madame did not co-operate on the international level. She seated Roberto and Miss Ashton at one table and Mandy and Matthew at another. It was her private belief that the little American thing could cope better with the quiet English gentleman. Excitements of the reason and the blood were not for the dinner table. What they did afterward was their own concern. "So—and so—" she said, seating them, then disappeared into the kitchen. Matthew had brought a book to the table. He opened it, propped it against his water glass and then looked over the top at Mandy.

"Bad luck you got me," he said, "but we'll switch over tomorrow and everything will be shipshape."

Mandy did not deign to answer.

"I read at table," offered Matthew by way of explanation. "It's rather a musty habit but I live alone. I don't know how to cope with company."

"Cope?" asked Mandy.

Matthew blushed. "See here," he said hastily, "I'm no good at this sort of thing at all. You recall on the train I told you about the umbrella? In Piccadilly? The girl who brought it to me was quite nice. I just mumbled thank you and fled. I've got absolutely no social grace—no *savoir-faire*. Can't play the game."

"Well, in that case the only sporting thing is for me to move, isn't it?"

Matthew's face reddened painfully. "It's only in your interest." He made a gesture toward his book. "This is a very long book." Then, as if he were suddenly angry, he closed it with a snap. "Damn it all," he said, "I'm not as fusty as all that!"

"Well, then?" Mandy encouraged him gently.

"You'll see," Matthew said, darkly mysterious, and ducked his head down between the covers of the book again. Mandy sighed and finished her soup. If he persisted in acting like a crusty turtle there was nothing she could do. He did look up again, however, as coffee was served, marking his place with a spoon. "If I were you," he offered tentatively, "I'd cultivate him." He looked solemnly at Roberto, who was making Miss Ashton giggle.

"If you don't participate," said Mandy tartly, "I don't think you should peek."

Matthew looked as if she had rapped him across the knuckles, and as soon as the little maid came to brush away the crumbs, he muttered good night and fled to his room. When the diners retired to the parlor there was a choice of games laid out. Miss Ashton bore down upon the bridge table with a shrill cry.

"Here we are!" she said, looking around for partners. When she saw that Matthew had not joined them, she collared Mandy. "You let him get away," she accused.

ROBERTO came quietly to Mandy's side. "I am delighted the professor has retired and left you to me." He offered his arm. "Would you care to try for a glimpse of the Matterhorn? The night has cleared."

Miss Ashton noted the look that passed between them. She wavered between the pleasures of the bridge table and the spectacle of budding young love. She decided in favor of the latter. "Wicked man," she shrilled delightedly, "tempting this young thing out into the night air. Do go, my dear; it's a great treat to see the mountain under the proper circumstances. If it wasn't for this unfortunate cold . . ."

COLLIER'S **"Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sle-eigh; Jing—"** DICK CAVALLI

A little thread of excitement ran through Mandy. Wasn't this what she had come for? She allowed herself to be bundled into a coat and escorted through the front door. She and Roberto walked silently through the metallic cold to a church and took refuge from the wind in its doorway. Straight ahead there loomed a dark mass.

"Mountains wait for the right moment to show themselves," said Roberto quietly. "Everything has its perfect moment if one waits." As he spoke, the clouds parted and the dark mass was gilded with light. For one second they saw the white spire straining up before them, then it was gone.

"We should live as the mountain does," Roberto said, "reserving ourselves for perfection." He took her arm, and they moved down into the churchyard.

"But nothing would ever happen then," protested Mandy.

"We met," was his answer. His remark was foolish, but it was delightful.

"I think I'd better tell you," Mandy said with disarming frankness, "that I'm not very good at living on a high plain. I get weepy and moony, and basically I'm not at all the romantic type." She stopped short, hearing the echoes of Matthew's protest about his lack of *savoir-faire*.

"That is not possible," Roberto said, looking deeply into her eyes.

"Let's not go back," she said breathlessly. "I'd like to go down in the village and—drink hot chocolate," she concluded lamely.

"I know the very place," he said.

They walked down the winding road past the little river to a Hansel and Gretel house on the main street—a place obviously dedicated to hot chocolate. They found two chairs by the fire and gave their orders, which came in steaming mugs lathered to the top with heavy cream. Mandy emptied hers in silent appreciation.

"Better and better," Roberto said, leaning toward her. "You don't spoil something good to eat with too much talk. Yes, I think we shall get on, you and I."

"I might make a mistake," Mandy warned him. "I might trip on a rock or talk like a travelogue or spill my soup. Then what?"

"You wouldn't be so cruel."

"Very well," Mandy said, borne aloft by the vote of confidence, "no mistakes."

When they got back to the pension everyone but Miss Ashton had retired. "Ah, there you are," she said. "I'd quite thought you'd climbed our mountain by now."

"We shall go part way up tomorrow. Yes, Mandy?"

Mandy smiled her agreement.

Roberto bowed his good night and left them. Miss Ashton hovered. "Well, dear?" Her voice invited confidences. "How did you make out?"

"Well . . ." Mandy said.

"Adaptability. Adaptability is the keynote. It's all very well to talk about being one's self, but men hate it. They want to think of us as a garden where it's always spring." She sighed heavily. "I recall one time in particular. I'd gone on a walking tour in Germany. I met such a dear man. We got on famously until he surprised me when I wasn't quite at my best. I'd come down for a cup of tea at night, you know, thinking I was quite alone. He saw me as I really was, unpainted and undone. After that, he simply lost interest. Best foot forward, that's the answer. Well, early to bed and all that."

She got up and patted Mandy. "He's taken with you. I was telling him such a fascinating bit about my cycling trip to Spain. He didn't hear a word." She smiled faintly. "I quite understood." She touched Mandy's cheek with her hand. "Good night, pleasant dreams." She went to the door. "Better come up, too," she said, tapping the skin under her eyes significantly. "Circles."

IT SEEMED to Mandy that she had just sandwiched herself between the feather bolsters when there was a knock at her door and she heard Roberto's solicitous voice. "Have I awakened you?"

Mandy tried hard to sound as if seven fifteen found her in the pink. "Up for hours," she sang out.

"I'll meet you downstairs." She waited until his footsteps died away before she struggled into her bathrobe. Enveloped in it, she had the appearance of a none-too-happy squaw. The robe had been a going-away present from her mother. It was Indian in design, and utilitarian. She made for the bathroom at the end of the hall.

She met Matthew on the way out. He had the peculiar, peeled look of the newly shaven male. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair rumpled. Mandy braved it out. She said her good morning as though she were trailing yards of black chiffon.

"Lovely morning for a climb," she volunteered.

He started to edge by her, his eyes

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on his worn bedroom slippers. "I'm susceptible to frostbite," he murmured. "Beg pardon." And he was gone.

By the time Mandy came down to breakfast, Mattbew's nose was already in his book. He had nothing to say. It was Roberto who caugbt the spirit of sun and ice. He came to her table and pulled Mandy to her feet.

"The air is like wine," he said.

Matthew glanced up quizzically. Even Mandy had a moment of disloyalty. It sounded like something from Blossom Time, but the air *was* like wine, so sbe let it go.

ANY otber feelings Mandy might have had—about Roberto's alpine hat or the tight cut of his trousers—entirely disappeared as they set out. Roberto had seen to a lunch, packed in a charming basket. He tied his own scarf around her shoulders and led her up a path into a field where goatbells sounded on tbe air with the sweetness of chimes.

"How good of you," Roberto said suddenly. They were resting a moment on the steep incline.

"But I haven't done anything."

"How good of you to look like Heidi in this setting." He took her band. In the United States of America, Mandy would have witbdrawn it, patted tbe offender with a motherly little gesture, and steered tbe conversation adroitly into safer cbannels. She would have offered platitudes about "getting to know one another" or "I'm not really that sort of person." But this wasn't home. Here there was mountain air and toy chalets and frosting swirls of snow. Oh, the altitude and the air like wine! Mandy kissed him back.

Then he moved away and looked at her solemnly. He said momentously, "You are like a spring garden." Mandy sneezed.

Roberto paused imperceptibly and then went on: "There is an eternal freshness about you." Mandy sneezed again. His smile grew slightly strained, his tone a little louder. "You are a thousand unmarred moods, a thousand perfect moments." When she sneezed a third time Roberto stopped. "Is sometbing the matter?" be asked in measured tones.

Mandy smiled heartily. "Nothing at all." Her glance traveled hurriedly to her walking shoes. Tbey were soaked clear tbrough.

"I could stay here with you for hours."

An aching chill spread up to her knees. "Could you?" Mandy said. Her throat began to feel raspy. "But tbey'll miss us at the pension."

"The world well lost," be intoned.

"We could have tea by the fire." She tried to make it sound inviting.

"You know what we would find? That dusty professor and that woman with the cold."

"It's getting foggy." Mandy sniffed carefully. She could no longer feel the tip of her nose.

"Mandy, Mandy," he murmured, "stay always as you are now."

Her ears rang. She thought pitifully of a hot gargle. Roberto came close to her again. "The world is a sea of untidiness. You are an island, young and strong."

"Mmmm," she said, feeling a tightening in her chest. If only she could get away from him before the full impact of the cold caught her. "Let's start down," she said urgently, and then as a wild afterthought, "I don't trust myself alone witb you."

"Sweet," be whispered, pleased. He led her down the path, gently, protectively, to the pension. At the doorway Mandy managed a limpid look with eyes which were already beginning to swim.

"Until tonight," she breathed and made for her room. Once inside, she sighed unhappily. She had it. Sbe dashed toward the mirror and examined her face feverishly. So far so good. No puffiness, no redness. She could lie abed like a delicate Camille, and Roberto would come bearing little bouquets of flowers. He would play Robert Browning to her gently ailing Elizabeth Barrett. He might read aloud. He would see that even in moments of frailty she still maintained that cherished air of perfection. Mandy allowed herself one long, luxurious sniffle and made for her bed of pain.

By morning the jig was up. She took one look at herself in the glass and wailed aloud. Her nose was red and beginning to swell. Her eyes had the glazed look of the habitual drunkard. Her hair had gone lank and lifeless. Her head ached, and when she made a sound it was the rending croak of a frog. She was sitting miserably huddled into the Indian bathrobe when someone rapped on the door.

"Come in," she said thickly, and then, "Wait, who is it?"

"Ashton, here."

"Come in."

In sailed the bearer of germs herself, muffled in miscellaneous scarves and woolens. "Dear child, whatever is tbe matter?"

"I've caught your cold," Mandy said lifelessly.

"Dear me, so you have. You *are* a sight."

"*He* thinks I'm a spring garden, and look at me," she wailed.

Miss Ashton frowned tbougbtfully. "Pity. Still, be'll bear up, I'm sure. Yes, I can see it. He'll nurse you through. Romantic, that. See bere, it might just turn the trick. Bad show, you look such a fright, but love is blind. I'll send along a toddy and just drop a hint that you're not yourself. He'll be along with solace in no time. Into bed with you then." She breezed out.

Mandy groped about for a bed jacket and some ribbons. She managed two skinny pigtails and a dab of lipstick, sneezing resoundingly tbe while. She debated about wearing socks in bed, but then he wouldn't know and her feet were freezing. She'd just gotten the socks on when Roberto's voice floated into the room.

"I won't disturb you, but there are a few flowers and a little book of verse outside your door."

"Dank you," Mandy called cheerfully.

"I'll slip in later."

IT WAS midafternoon before Roberto showed up. Her lipstick had been eaten off, and one of the ribbons had slipped. Her bed was rumpled, and she had forsaken the delicate bed jacket for the ignominious bathrobe. She saw, all too clearly, that he paled.

"It's me," she said dolefully.

Roberto smiled weakly. "Poor baby," he said. He shifted uneasily from one foot to tbe other. There was a long silence. He kept looking at an invisible spot just over her head.

"Colds are very humanizing," Mandy said in a small voice.

"Very," Roberto said.

"I think people should know how other people are when they don't feel well and all that before—before anytbing is decided, don't you?"

"Indisputably," Roberto answered.

"I mean, nobody really looks like those girls in the movies in the mornings, for instance. Most people have feet of clay."

"How long does this usually last with you?" he asked.

"Days and days," Mandy said. "But you can visit me here—like Robert Browning." She put great meaning into her tone.

Roberto smiled, coolly. "Oh, yes—the Brownings. Touching story but hardly practical. Life must go on," be said, meeting her gaze. "Perbaps when you're yourself again . . ."

"But I'm myself now," Mandy protested.

Roberto's expression suggested that if that *were* the case, all was over between them, but his tone remained gallant. "I must not allow my feelings to run away with me," he said. "I should like to be by your side every minute, but that would not be good for you."

"But—" Mandy said.

"No, no. I must be strong"—Roberto warmed to his strengtb of character—"and leave you alone." He started inching toward the door, where he paused dramatically. "I shall be here—in spirit. Yes, in spirit." He bowed hurriedly and backed out.

MANDY began to sniffle and cry at the same time. Blast the model, the movie actress, tbe heroine. True, with a cold she did look like a drowned rat, hut what woman doesn't? What men needed to find out about were the runover slippers and the Indian bathrobes and the cold feet. Men needed to come to terms with the pinned-up slip and the growing-out permanent. They had to learn that the rumpled, sniffly, tired and tacky female was the same woman they had known and loved in all her camouflage.

Someone knocked at tbe door. "Go away," Mandy growled.

"Don't be silly." It was Matthew, a Matthew firm and commanding. "If you're not decent, scrounge down in the bedclothes." He came in like the spirit of Christmas. In one hand was a steaming toddy, in the other a hot-water bottle. His pocket bulged with Kleenex and Mentholatum, and a thermometer was stuck precariously behind one ear.

"Naturally I'm going to the lodge meeting. Where else could I go in an outfit like this?"

COLLIER'S BOB CAMPSELL

"Heard you coughing all night" he said. "Worried me." He looked at her critically. "Feet cold?"

"Yes," Mandy answered.

Matthew laid the hot-water bottle on the bed. "Tuck it under," he said delicately, "where it'll do the most good." He bent over and slipped the thermometer into her mouth. "I hope you won't think me cheeky, but I saw that the ship was deserted. He went skiing, didn't he? You look awful. Scared him off. Knew it would. He's all very well for moon-gazing and all that, but that type's no good in a pinch."

Matthew drew a cbair up close and sat down beside her. "You know," he said, "I haven't seen braids like that on a girl since public school." He leaned back in his chair and looked at her fondly. "Funny thing. If you were up and about, I'd most likely be letting that other chap make off with you. Can't compete on that level at all. Old-shoe, friend-of-the-family type. Only thing is, I haven't got a family. Not yet."

Matthew took out the thermometer. "Nothing much but you'd better stay down. I've got a Dickens novel to read to you. We'll get them to send up lunch. I suppose it would tidy things up if I explained why I charged in here like tbis, but I don't believe in rushing matters. We should be good friends for a while—and you ought to know things about me."

Suddenly Mandy began to feel better. The hot-water bottle was warming her feet, and the sight of Matthew—dear and disheveled—was unaccountably warming her heart. Was this heroic figure the red-eyed reader of the breakfast table? Could this dashing, learned, capable, tender, masterly man be the gentleman with no *savoir-faire?*

Mandy had a sudden tingling sensation from head to toe which denied it. "Go on," she said breathlessly.

"You're all right, you know."

Mandy sneezed. "Thank you," she said warmly.

"Shall I confess something?"

Mandy urged him on. "Please do."

"I've been poking around on holidays for years waiting for sometbing like you to happen. I'd made up my mind if I ever met a person like you I would be quite dashing and sweep you off your feet. Well, you *are* off your feet, but I'm behaving like Mr. Cbips."

"Oh, no," protested Mandy, "I sbould say you were behaving like Robert Browning."

A PLEASED smile brightened Matthew's face. "Would you, now?" he said beaming. "Would you really?" He leaned back and thought it over. "That's very good of you," he said, "but if I have made tbe grade I tbink possibly it's because of your cold."

"Do you?"

Matthew nodded seriously. "They're frightfully humanizing—colds. Have some Mentholatum." Mandy accepted tbe tube. Their hands brushed.

"How long do these things last with you?" he asked.

"Days and days," she said eagerly.

"Good. We'll be able to get through Martin Cbuzzlewit."

They smiled at each other sbyly. Mandy sneezed.

"You look rather like Camille," he said softly.

Mandy clutched tbe Indian bathrobe. "Oh, Mattbew!" she said.

He rose and bent toward ber.

"Matthew," she said, in gentle protest. "My cold."

"*Our* cold," Mattbew said, as he kissed her.

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In Camden, Maine, as everywhere, Christmas starts with the voices of children singing carols

Small

By LEW DIETZ

THE spirit of Christmas is magic—something understood by the hearts of men but never quite defined in their minds. Modern science has split the atom and weighed the stars, but the stuff Christmas is made of eludes the quest for material certainty. Christmas is a day for prayer, for joy, for sentiment, for faith. It is a memory of the past, a thought for the future—a richly woven web of the almost 2,000 Christmases the world has known.

America is a broad land. There are all kinds of Christmases from one coast to the other. But in New England, where the snow comes early and winters are long and hard, Christmas is a storybook holiday. America was cradled here, and here the country's first memory of Christmas was born.

Camden, Maine, a snug little coastal community on the west shore of Penobscot Bay, was settled in 1769 by James Richards and his wife Betty. It is today a spanking-clean and prideful little town of 3,600 people, lying nestled under the granite hills, its face to the sea. It stands, literally, 'twixt wind and water, a town blessed with the poet's "immemorial elms"; a town of white houses, built foursquare by early shipwrights to endure. There are steepled churches, red barns (some to

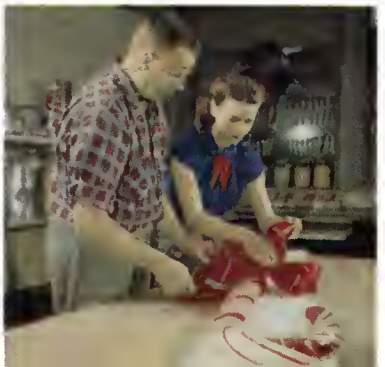
In school, Lee Marshall works busily on a Christmas card for his parents

Early in December the fire department puts community tree on library's lawn

At First Congregational Church members of Good Cheer group make Sunshine Baskets for shut-ins

Allen Payson, Camden's popular fire chief, fixes toys for the needy children

Sterling Putnam, owner of candy shop, and Frances Pusbaw wrap a giant cane



Milford Payson, schoolteacher who plays Santa, finds Judy Wilbur, 11, in bed with broken leg

Town Christmas

Camden, Maine, a "Christmas-card town," symbolizes yuletide all over the U.S.

HALLECK FINLEY

On Christmas morning, R. L. Perry's family reflects the spirit of the season

bouse livestock and some to house boats), and there are, on the encircling hills, the evergreens—spruce, fir and pine. Without half trying, it looks like a real old-fashioned Christmas card.

A New Englander has a deep and abiding love for his land. It is from the land that he gets his first intimation of Christmas. It comes first as an awareness tbat the fall days are over and that winter is nudging the door. The killing frosts have blackened tbe garden stalks; the flare of red and yellow on the hardwood ridges has turned russet. The deer rifles have been cleaned and stowed away, the woodpile checked. The storm sashes are up and fir banking cut and racked around the house foundation as a bulwark against the north winds that will, all too soon, be slicing down off the flanks of Mount Megunticook.

December has come. And one gray morning during its first week, old Frank Thomas is sure to say, "Yes, sir, she feels like snow." Allen Payson, Camden's perennial fire chief and number one citizen by general agreement, sagely makes a prophecy for a hard winter. And with snow in the offing, old Joe Brewster, Camden's octogenarian shirtmaker, recalls tbat storm in '98 wben it took a team three days to make a four-mile trip in from Hosmer Pond, breaking trail through breast-high drifts.

Then snow comes. It may come as a howling nor'easter. It may fall silently in the night, laying down six inches of snow as soft as goose feathers. However it comes, it marks the beginning of the Christmas season in Camden, Maine—and all over town there are nods and smiles and the happy word goes tbe rounds that it looks like a white one.

Early Signs of Yuletide Festivity

Christmas begins like that in Camden. And promptly with the first December fall of snow there is a perceptible quickening in the tempo of community life. Up and down the main street, store windows begin burgeoning in holiday garb. A community tree is cut and brought in, and erected on the library lawn. Lights are hooked up and set ablaze. And on the Village Green there appears the town's traditional Nativity Scene, this too made possible by volunteer community co-operation. The first shoppers, stimulated by the new visual aspect (and perhaps a glimpse at the calendar) start their tentative rounds. Small faces in increasing numbers are seen pressed against the frosty panes of the store fronts. And the mailbag slung from the shoulder of Tige Richardson, tbe veteran mail carrier, begins to swell and take on more heft.

Soon the schools get ready to let out for the holiday recess. And it's just as well, for discipline has noticeably relaxed. Each room in the Camden school on Elm Street is adorned with a tree. Preparations are made for Christmas parties and the exchange of gifts, for carol singing and recitations on Parents' Day. One afternoon Santa comes into the classroom. Some know, of course, that it is only a teacher dressed up, but their knowledge doesn't diminish the pleasure, nor is a single hint of this happy pretense dropped for the smaller ears of the unknowing.

For adults there begins a round of yuletide parties—small gatherings in the homes of the community; larger gatherings at the Camden Outing Club, the winter sports' Snow Bowl built some years ago by the community. There are greening parties, parties at the churches, the lodges and the women's clubs. There are baskets for shut-ins, to be filled and delivered in observance of the true spirit of Christmas.

Camden, Maine, is a happy town. There is no

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KOSTI RUOHAMAA

Undaunted by the snow, Camden's mailman, Tige Richardson, makes sure gifts are delivered on time

Every night through December the big tree on the Public Library's lawn turns Main Street into the traditional picture of Christmas in a small town

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On Christmas Eve a reverent silence rises from the land to greet the infant King

one too rich and few too poor. The town's business is lobster fishing and some scalloping, plus a bustling shipyard out on the point which protects the little hight of a cove. But perhaps more important, there are woolen mills and an electronics plant—one of very few in the country making crystals for use in hearing aids and microphone units. (Seventy plump turkeys were distributed to the plant's employees last Christmas.) And, there are the farmers, for Camden's hustling business section draws from a sizable back-country area where the major cash crop is chicken for urban markets. Economically, the town is healthy, and you can see it in the faces of its people.

There are few old families here which have not some past connection with the sea; and no breed of men holds more precious its family ties than a family with a sea heritage. To be home at Christmas is something for thankfulness, a privilege.

Camden, Maine, is a family town; Christmas a family day. And the finest and happiest moment for all the family—as it is for the nation—is the gathering to exchange gifts around the tree on Christmas morning. But almost as dear to their hearts, as any Maine man will tell you, is the old New England ritual of fetching in the tree. Although the lordly spruce is apt to be the choice for the community tree, the family Christmas tree in Maine is the balsam fir that grows everywhere in the lowlands of the state. There is no other evergreen that has the balsam's fragrance, its soft contours and its lasting qualities.

Ceremony Marks Selection of Tree

Cutting and bringing in the tree is a Christmas ceremony in this particular corner of America. More likely than not, Dad has spotted a particularly fine growth on a hunting jaunt the month before. Or perhaps the family for years has had its favorite nook in the woods where the firs grow lush and full-shaped. Whatever the case, the trek into the woods, with Dad in the lead with his ax, is traditionally a family affair. Not even the smallest toddler is excluded; nor is the final choice made until every voice is heard.

Whatever youngsters believe elsewhere, in Maine even the youngest knows that Santa does not trim the tree in the deep of Christmas Eve. A Maine tree is fetched in not later than the middle of December, and set up and trimmed with baubles and popcorn chains and lights by all hands. A full two weeks before Christmas, all over town, lighted trees gleam out from windows upon the snow to herald the Natal Day.

At last the joyous day arrives, with a look to the sky for a fresh fall of snow to make it perfect. And perhaps, as the stockings are being hung over the hearth, old memories hear the sound of sleigh bells; or it may be just the snow-muffled clanking of car chains belonging to some late Christmas shopper headed for his own fireside.

There is a moment of warmth and silence—followed by the church bells ringing out from white belfries their message of hope and joy and renewal.

Then it is midnight, and here, as everywhere across America, there comes that descending hush to greet the day a King was born.

As Christmas draws nearer, Camden's men and boys flock to the window of Prince's furniture store to appraise electric trains

Bringing home the Christmas tree is a family affair in Camden. Like the Millers (above) everyone goes into woods to get trees

Home from New Hampshire to visit her parents—Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Rich—Mrs. George Thurber, Jr., hangs wreath in window

On Christmas Eve, Camden's St. Thomas Episcopal Church joins churches all over town, all over the world, in joyful prayer

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The Dream of the Black Horse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

head, "but the white fence saves you from the worst."

"What does the dream mean?"

"It means," said Mrs. Ferrante, staring straight at Mama, "that in the next week you will attend a wedding or a funeral—of somebody you know."

"A wedding or a funeral?" You could see Mama frantically searching her mind for all the marriageable women and young girls she knew, parading them in her mind, and trying to figure what stage of romancing and courtship each of them had reached. She shook her head. Not one of them would be married for months. "I don't know anybody," she said.

"Sure you know," Mrs. Ferrante said, torturing her. "Think some more."

"I'm thinking," Mama said, squeezing her head between her hands. She rocked her head from side to side, walking back and forth across the kitchen. Suddenly she stopped. "I know! It's your niece, Tessie!"

"Sure," Mrs. Ferrante said. "Remember last week I told you that Tessie was going to marry Donna Rosa's boy, the lawyer, and you said you were surprised because Donna Rosa thought her boy was too good for my niece?"

"Guido's a fine boy," Mama said, smiling again. "And he's getting a wonderful girl—no matter what Donna Rosa thinks."

"They're getting married next Sunday at Wallabout Hall," Mrs. Ferrante said. "And you come, Maria."

"Don't worry. I'll be there." . . .

THAT same afternoon Dodo and I thumbed a ride on Bedford Avenue to Prospect Park, watched a few kids from Flatbush skating and sledding and then hitched a trolley ride all the way back home. It was dark when I left Dodo at his house, and the snow was still falling, slowly and steadily. Spotlighted against the dark sky, big snowflakes attacked the globe of the lamppost like big white moths; and, as I walked home through the slushy pathway in the middle of the sidewalk, my metal galoshes straps made tiny bell sounds.

Upstairs they were all waiting for Papa to come home from work. My two sisters, Concetta and Amelia, and my kid brother Natale were sitting around the table impatiently nibbling olives and celery out of the antipasto dish; my grandfather, Nonno, was sipping a glass of wine; and Mama was bent over her white gloves, the ones she wore for christenings and weddings, dipping her needle in and out of the torn fingertips. The spaghetti pot, with hot water all ready in it, was to the back of the stove. As I hung my hat and coat in the closet, Natale reached over for a piece of bread and began to chew it savagely, like a dog with raw meat.

"Can't you wait for Papa?" Mama asked.

"That's all I *been* doing is waiting," Natale snarled hungrily through the bread. "It's already six o'clock."

"We wait till half past," Mama said, biting the white thread with her teeth. She set down the gloves, turned them right side out and put the needle and thimble back in her sewing box, a wooden cigar box that was always cluttered with all kinds of buttons and strands of colored thread. She walked over to the window where the large flakes were sticking dryly to the panes, curling like Communion wafers on the tongue, and shook her head at the weather. "That father of yours! I told him to take his boots this afternoon when he went to work."

And I could imagine what Papa had said to her. He had said that it would only make the work harder for him to walk up and down the gangways with boots on; that boots were all right for rain, but snow wasn't rain; that it would take more than a little snow to make him sick; and he'd added, with his chest puffed out, that he had never for any reason missed a day's work in his life because of sickness. And now Mama turned, listening to the scrape of quick steps coming up the stairs.

"It's Papa," Natale said, but by the sharp clicking sound of the shoes, we all knew it wasn't Papa.

THERE was a quick knock on the door, and before Mama could open it, Mrs. Ferrante came marching into the kitchen, shaking snow from the fur collar of her coat. She was upset.

"What is it?" Mama asked, alarmed all over again.

"Oh, Maria!" Mrs. Ferrante cried, clapping her hands hopelessly together. "The wedding is off!"

Mama gasped. *"O Dio!"*

In all her excitement Mrs. Ferrante couldn't stand still. She stomped around the room, talking in a gush of Italian to the walls, to the ceiling, to the snow-piled windows. "Oh, my poor niece! You should have seen the way she cried, Maria! It was awful, just awful—and it's all that woman's doing! Oh, if I could just get my hands on that Donna Rosa! Canceling the wedding when it's only a week away! And the excuse she gave—that her heart was too weak right now to go through with it. That woman's got a heart like a stone, and just as strong! And that son of hers! Maybe he thinks like his mother that he's too good for my niece! Well, like I told Tessie she was better off without a man like Guido, a mouse of a man, who jumped every time his mother snapped her fingers! Oh—"

Mama couldn't believe any of it. "But Guido's in love with Tessie. I know it—I saw them together."

"Love? You call that love?" And on and on Mrs. Ferrante went, denouncing Donna Rosa and her son all over again. But Mama wasn't listening any more. This was no time to be thinking of poor Tessie or the hateful Donna Rosa or the love of her sniveling son. The only thing that worried Mama now was her dream, her dream of the black horse jumping over the white fence, the prophecy of a wedding or a funeral. And watching the color drain from her face, you could see that her white fence had just been shattered to a million splinters. Mama sat down heavily.

"Oh, such people!" Mrs. Ferrante cried, spitting out the words, and just as breezily as she came in, just as breezily did she go out—leaving Mama all alone with her black horse.

"Let's eat," Natale said. "It's six thirty."

Mama moved in a daze. She pulled the spaghetti pot to the front of the stove, where it started to bubble almost immediately. She unwrapped the spaghetti and broke the thin strands in half, to ease them into the boiling water. After placing the cover on the pot she sat down, her eyes looking

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straight ahead and seeing nothing. Soon a starchy froth was lifting the cover off the pot, but Mama didn't see it.

"Take a look, Mama," Natale said, banging his spoon and fork on the table. "I think the spaghetti's done."

Mama pushed herself up from the chair. Before she reached the stove, she stopped suddenly in the middle of the kitchen, listening. We listened, too, and heard what she had bent her head to hear—Papa, coming upstairs. His big shoes, which generally announced his arrival in big, cloppy sounds, now sounded draggy and listless.

"What's the matter with Papa?" Amelia asked.

Without bothering to answer her, Mama flung the kitchen door open and raced down the steps. When they came in, Mama holding one of Papa's arms tightly, you could see that Papa was sick. He didn't look at any of us, and his face was the color of ashes. Mama sat down, her hand reaching for the fever in his head. Papa brushed her hand away.

"I'm all right," he said in a hoarse voice. "I only got a little cold. What are you make so much fuss about?"

AFTER slipping off his wet clothes and waterlogged shoes and soggy socks, Papa sat wearily back in his chair. Beads of melted snow still glistened in his mustache, like dew on black grass.

"Patsy," Mama said, standing nervously behind him. "Maybe it's better you go to bed—and I make you a hot broth."

"What broth?" Papa croaked. "Make the spaghetti."

"Patsy, go to bed. You sick."

"Who's sick?"

"You sick—and I don't want any arguments. You go to bed, do you understand!"

"Put the spaghetti on the table!"

"No spaghetti," Mama said, folding her arms. "It's too heavy for the sick. I'll make you a can of chicken broth."

"All right," Papa said, getting up. "If you won't make the spaghetti, I'll make it myself!" As soon as he started to walk toward the stove across the cold linoleum floor in his bare feet, he sneezed three times in a row—an infallible sign to Mama that the cold was developing into something serious, maybe influenza or pneumonia, and the thought of Papa sweating it out with a "crisis" made her chew her pale lips. She rushed over to Papa.

"No spaghetti," she repeated, standing between Papa and the stove. "Do you understand? No spaghetti!"

Papa stared at her and shook his fingers, a bunch of question marks, under Mama's nose. "What's the matter with you?"

"I had a dream," Mama began.

"Who cares about your dream! Tell me your dreams at breakfast, not at supper! Now I'm hungry."

"Patsy, you sick."

"Sick!" Papa's voice was getting hoarser, and when he raised it, it came out a yell without much sound, a mouse's squeal in the body of a lion. "I'm never sick a day in my whole life!"

He pushed Mama to the side, lifted the pot off the stove, and carried it to the colander in the sink. Mama watched him, standing by helplessly. Each strand of spaghetti that fell into the colander was a nail in Papa's coffin. She couldn't stand it any longer.

"Patsy, you can't eat the spaghetti!"

She tried to push Papa away from the sink, tugging with one hand at his shoulders and trying, at the same time, to get her other hand on the colander full of draining spaghetti. Mama fought wildly. Maneuvering swiftly behind Papa, she thrust out her hand, and her fingers gripped the rim of the colander, tipping it over and spilling the spaghetti onto the floor—a gluey mass of squirming starch.

"Sangue della Madonna!" Papa yelled, his voice a screeching whisper, his fingers showing Mama the spilled spaghetti. "Now look what you did!"

"Bene," Mama said. "Maybe now you eat the chicken broth like I said."

"I'll show you chicken broth!" Papa said, pushing Mama aside. He opened the closet door, took out his boots, pulled them on angrily over his bare feet, and folded the tops over till they came below his knees. Then he grabbed his wet hat, yanked it out of shape over his head, and started out.

"Patsy," Mama said anxiously, "where are you going?"

"I'm going out to eat—*spaghetti!*"

"Patsy, put your coat on!"

But the door had already slammed, and Papa was out. A sharp draft blew in from the cold hallway, and Mama shivered, looking for a long time at the closed door.

"How about us eating?" Natale said.

SICK or tired, we all expected Papa to get in late that night just out of sheer obstinacy. But he didn't. Less than an hour later, after Mama had cooked another pot of spaghetti for us, he came back swishing the snow off his hat, looking even sicker than before. Knowing Papa's stubbornness, Mama didn't move off her chair or look up at him. She listened to the slow clop of his boots as he came into the room. Without a word to anyone, he walked straight past us into his bedroom.

Nobody said anything. From the bedroom we could hear the squeal of the springs as Papa sat down, and, a moment later, the sound of his pants falling to the floor in a clatter of loose coins and suspender clasps. His shoes, two leathery thuds, hit the floor. Certain that he was in bed at last, Mama got up.

From the cupboard she took down the canister of flour and the jar of mustard powder. In a deep *minestra* plate she measured out her own mixture, added water, and smashed the flour and mustard clots with the back of the teaspoon. Then she smeared the yellowish paste over one of Natale's old diapers, folded it, and walked into the bedroom. A second later Papa was hollowing all over again.

"What're you waking me up for?"

"Patsy, I put the plaster on your chest."

"You put nothing!"

"But the plaster is good, Patsy. First I put on the olive oil, and you won't feel—"

"Oh, no!" Even though we couldn't see him, we knew that Papa must have jumped in the bed, pushing the fuming diaper away from him. "You no cook me with that!"

"Only five minutes, Patsy," Mama pleaded. "That's all it takes, and then it's all over."

"Go away and let me sleep."

"Patsy," Mama said, getting angry. "If you don't put the plaster, I'll call Dr. Capolongo!"

"What!" Papa was sitting up in the bed again. "I work all day in the snow, and you want to give a doctor half my pay! You craze! Now go away and let me sleep—I'm tired."

Mama came back into the kitchen, holding the mustard plaster limply between her fingers. She sat down next to the window, staring at the whorling patterns of frost that covered the panes. For a long time she sat there without moving, crying in her silent way, fingering the mustard plaster as though it were a string of Rosary beads. There was nothing to do but leave her alone. First Nonno got up and went into the front room; then, one by one, my sisters tiptoed across the floor to go downstairs and play with Elvira Bianchi. Across the table from me, Natale was drumming a fork on the table.

I got up to go out, to call Dodo.

"I'm going, Mama. Papa's all right."

Mama didn't answer me.

"You're making something out of

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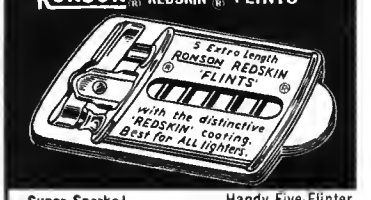

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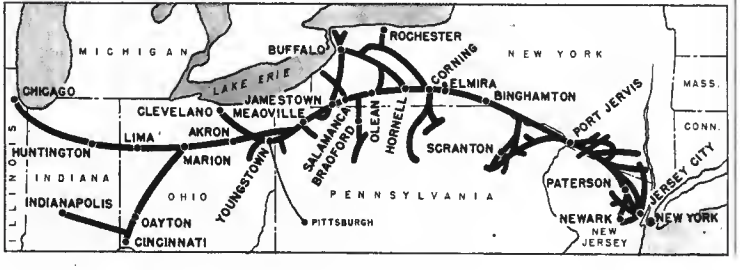


nothing. People have dreams every day and nothing happens to them. I had a dream of a black horse myself once, and nothing happened—and this one was just a plain black horse with no white fence. Papa's just tired and he's got a little cold."

Her eyes lifted to me, red-rimmed with tears. "Joey, you and Natale go and pray."

"But there's nothing to pray for, Mama."

"Pray for Papa, Joey."

"Oh, Mama."

"Please, Joey."

"Okay, okay. Come on, Nat," I said, signaling my kid brother after me with my arm. He followed me into our bedroom.

"All right, let's pray the way Mama wants, and get it over with."

"What are we praying for?" Natale asked.

"Papa's sick, you dope," I said. "That's what for!"

I KNELT on one side of the bed, Natale on the other. He was waiting for me to begin, playing, even at a time like this, a game of follow-the-leader. Everything was a game with him, so, as the older brother, it was up to me to call the shots. I clasped my hands and bent my head over the bed. He did the same, looking across at me and waiting for me to begin praying. He was even trying to imitate a kind of sadness, biting his lower lip the way he'd seen Mama do.

"Joey," he said, raising his head, "what prayer are you going to say?"

"My own prayer," I said, moving to a better position on my knees. "And you've got to make one up, too."

"Make one up for me."

"Just say, 'Please, God, let Papa get well.' "

"How many times do I have to say it?"

"A hundred times, a thousand times—how do I know? Just pray! This is no time to be stupid!"

Sheepishly Natale bent his head again, moving his lips in pouts and mutterings. Dumb kid brother! And Mama—what was she so worried about? So Papa was sick? So what? My knees were aching, each a round ball of pain on the hardwood floor.

"Dear God," I began, praying quietly into my hands, "I know there's nothing to get upset about and worry You with, but this is the way Mama wants it, You understand. I know You wouldn't let anything happen to Papa now, but what can you do with a mother who believes in these crazy dreams and these superstitions? You know the way Mama is with all her—"

"Joey," Natale called over to me, whispering as though we were in church, "I counted up to a hundred. Is that all right?"

He must have counted by tens, I thought to myself, but I let it pass. "That's fine. Let's go back to Mama."

The kitchen was dark, the only light coming from the isinglass windows of the stove. We looked for Mama, but we couldn't see her. I was about to whisper for her in the darkness, when, far off, I heard the rustle of her slippers coming toward us, coming from Papa's bedroom.

"Where were you, Mama?" Natale asked.

"I was looking at Papa," she said, stifling her sobs. "He's got fever, all right. He was twisting all over the bed."

"Maybe he's just tired, Mama," I said. "After he gets a good night's rest, he'll be fine."

Mama shook her head. "I know—he's sick."

"Papa's never sick," Natale said.

"Sure, Mama," I said, trying to laugh it off. "He's strong as an ox."

She wasn't listening to us; she pressed a nickel into my hands.

"Joey, I want you and Natale to go to the candy store and call up Dr. Capolongo," she said. "Tell him to come right away."

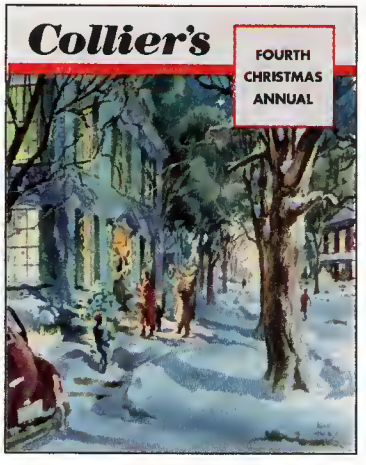
"But, Mama," I said, trying to give her back the nickel, "Papa'll be mad if you call the doctor. You heard him yourself."

"Go call him," Mama said, folding my fingers under hers. "It's better he's mad than he's—" She stopped suddenly and bit the word off her lips. She was going to say "dead," but the thought of it brought fresh tears to her eyes and sent a cold quiver through her whole body. She turned her face away, taking her anger out on me. "I told you to call Dr. Capolongo! Now go call him!"

"Okay, Mama, okay."

My kid brother and I were out in

Next Week



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The sign that says "Waitress Wanted."

—RICHARD ARMOUR

the hallway when we heard the click of the light switch, darkening the kitchen again. A low moan of prayers reached us as we stood there, buckling on our galoshes. I started down the stairs.

"Joey," my kid brother asked, following me, "is Papa going to die?"

"Oh, shut up!"

It was cold out, but the snow was coming down thinly; the storm had just about run its course. In single file Natale and I plowed along through the slushy sidewalks, our shoulders bent to the wind. The suppertime streets were empty. Behind every window and door you knew that all the families on the block had just finished eating, the dishes had been cleaned and put away, and everybody was now gathered around the bottle of wine, which was like a cozy fire in the middle of the table. That's the way it should be, would always be, a father at the head of the table pouring wine for the rest of the family. Suddenly I found myself walking faster, and as I walked I prayed, my eyes lifted to the icy stars in the sky. "Dear God, let nothing happen to Papa . . ."

NATALE followed me into the candy store. "Can I go into the booth with you?" he asked.

"It's too small," I said, looking up the doctor's number in the telephone book. "Wait out here."

Alone in the booth I felt good again. It was like being at confession, and the telephone on the wall was Father Alberti, an instrument of comfort and courage. With faith, like the priest always said, everything would be all right. I had faith in Papa and God, and everything would be fine. I dialed the number and waited for Dr. Capolongo to answer.

"Dr. Capolongo speaking."

Talking loudly into the mouthpiece, I said, "Dr. Capolongo, Mama asked me to tell you to come right over."

"Who is this?"

I told him.

"Who's sick this time?"

"It's Papa."

"Your father?" Dr. Capolongo interrupted me, as though it was just as hard for him to believe as it was for us. "What's the matter with him?"

I explained as best as I could. I told him about Papa and his fever, about how he had worked all day at the docks in the snow without his boots, about how he looked when he came home from work, and about how Mama was worried that he might have pneumonia. I said nothing about Mama's dream.

"I'll be right over," Dr. Capolongo said.

There was a click at the other end of the line, and the call was over. His nose pressed flat against the window of the telephone booth, Natale watched me as I put the receiver on the hook. I opened the door and walked out.

"What did the doctor say?" Natale asked.

"He said he'd be right over. Let's go home and wait for him."

Natale and I didn't have anything to say to each other on the way home. For a while he walked behind me, sliding and kicking up the slush. Then he slowed down and walked closely behind me, keeping step with me. We walked along slowly like that for a whole block until suddenly I realized that he was making a game out of Papa's death, that he was imitating a mourner in a funeral procession! Step, step. I stopped, my fists clenched inside my mittens. I'll show you a game, and this one isn't pretend or make-believe! I swung around quickly, and before he knew what was happening, I shoved him backward into the deep slush of the sidewalk, smeared his face with the wet dirty snow and ran as fast as I could across the street, plunging knee-deep into the snowdrifts along the curb. That ought to teach him a lesson!

When I turned the corner into our block, still running at full speed, I saw someone standing on our porch steps. I slowed down, squinting through my snow-wet lashes. It looked like Dodo. He waved to me, offhandedly.

I ran up to him. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you to get back," he said, smiling at me curiously and shoving his hands into the side pockets of his Mackinaw. "My old lady gave me show money for both of us, so I came over with her."

"And your mother's upstairs with Mama?"

"No, they're gone already," Dodo said. "Your old lady and mine—they went to my cousin Tessie's wedding."

"What!"

"It's a secret. Nobody's supposed to know about it yet on account of that Donna Rosa dame," Dodo said. "Tessie and Guido are going away a while right after Father Alberti marries them. But from the way your old lady was carrying on, Joey, you'd think she was the one who was getting married instead of Tessie."

A few minutes later Dr. Capolongo came. When he went upstairs and woke Papa up to examine him, I thought that Papa would kill the poor doctor; and when the doctor told him, for half a day's pay, what he already knew—that he was tired and had a little cold—Papa leaped out of the bed in his long underwear and ran into the kitchen, looking for Mama. He cursed and blasphemed from one end of the kitchen to the other, but it did him no good, because at that moment Mama was attending a wedding, just like the dream said.

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What Do You Know about

CRACKERS 'n' COOKIES

By ROBERT FROMAN

The cave man started the whole business, chomping on raw grain. Now the assorted sizes and shapes weigh two billion pounds a year. And the prima donna of them all is the soda cracker

A FEW months ago a Detroit housewife wrote a petulant letter to a cracker-baking company. "I've been doing all my family's baking ever since my husband and I were married, including even our bread," she said. "I think I have the right to consider myself an expert. But I've never been able to bake soda crackers. In fact, I can't even find a recipe. What's the big secret?"

There is no secret. The recipe includes only flour, water, shortening, salt, yeast and bicarbonate of soda. But the equipment is a bit complex and rather expensive. To bake the modern soda cracker you need an oven about 300 feet long with an endless asbestos belt traveling on rollers through the heart of it, an instrument called a *p*H meter which counts hydrogen ions, a device called a sheeter which laminates dough so that each cracker will consist of many thin layers and assorted other marvels of automatic machinery. And even with all this help you may run into trouble.

"Soda crackers," the head of one big bakery told me, "look like the simplest form of baked goods. Actually, they are the most complicated. We've had chemists and engineers studying them for years, but we still don't fully understand them.

"Take the flavor. We use flour that always has exactly the same proportions of protein, starch, minerals and moisture. We use distilled water. We keep all the other ingredients absolutely pure. But every once in a while we turn out a batch of a couple of hundred thousand or so crackers that are completely tasteless and have to be thrown out. And we just don't know why."

In spite of the cracker's complexity, the baking process has been so efficiently worked out that half a dozen bakers can turn out more than 5,000,000 crackers during a single eight-hour shift. As a result, we can buy the nine or ten crackers—which, on the average, every man, woman and child in the country consumes each week—for less than one fifth of a cent apiece.

And this is not quite the half of it. Through their work on crackers, of which they now produce about 951,020,000 pounds a year, the bakers have developed similar ingenious techniques for mass production of 921,382,000 more pounds per year of hundreds of other kinds of crackers and cookies.

The odd-moment snacking into which their products tempt us amounts to a yearly business of more than $650,000,000.

There are 396 bakeries throughout the country devoted exclusively or mostly to cookies and crackers. They include many of the world's largest bakeries which daily engorge flour and other raw materials by the carload and send forth an endless stream of bite-size delectables. To learn how they work, I spent three weeks touring half a dozen of the biggest and several small ones scattered from New York City to San Francisco.

One of the largest bakeries in New York covers most of three city blocks to a height of eight stories. From top to bottom it is laced with steadily moving production lines. Along them flow plain crackers, graham crackers, chocolate cookies, sugar wafers, cheese crackers, cream and fruit-filled sandwich cookies, zwieback, oyster crackers and a seemingly endless array of others.

In Chicago, Houston, and Portland, Oregon, great new bakeries built since the end of World War II are challenging the production records of the older ones. These new plants, built on

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the cities' outskirts, are long, low, single-story buildings with towers at one end. Raw materials stored in the towers flow down and along the unwavering production lines in great rhythmic swoops.

The ancestor of the crackers these modern plants produce probably was the first and simplest of all mixed and cooked foods.

Originally, our prehistoric ancestors ate wild grain raw. A man would pop a handful into his mouth and perform the milling operation with his teeth. Then some bright cave dweller discovered that he could make the stuff a bit more palatable by pounding it between stones. The next step, the theory goes, was taken when someone pounded up more than he could eat, somehow let water get into the leftover and then built a fire near the stone. The resultant scorched paste must have been rock-hard, but primitive men had powerful jaws.

These rudimentary crackers lost favor after the discovery of the leavening influence of yeast led to the invention of bread. But bread had the drawback of being moist and therefore spoiling easily. So thin, hard, unleavened crackers remained in use for some purposes. Someone added sweetening and spices to make them more palatable and created primitive cookies.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the Anglo-Saxon world discovered tea, coffee and chocolate. It simultaneously discovered that something to nibble along with them made the beverages taste better. That was the beginning of the snack's modern heyday. London bakers, who supplied the coffee, chocolate and tea houses, started inventing new cookies and crackers, or biscuits as they were then called, to tickle the fancy of their patrons.

For Sailors on Long Voyages

In the United States the business got its start with a hard, thick, unleavened biscuit intended chiefly for sailing ships on long voyages out. Yankee sailors invented the term "cracker" to describe these biscuits because of the noise they made when attacked with strong teeth.

A little over a century ago New England bakers discovered that they could make a cracker not quite so granitelike but still long-keeping by using leavened dough and rolling it thin.

Over several decades they slowly learned how to improve it by rolling it thinner and thinner and folding the thin layers together.

They also learned to counteract the acidity of the yeast by adding baking soda. By the turn of the century the cracker barrel was a standard fixture in all grocery stores.

One baker decided, in 1899, to pack them in individual, brightly colored containers which could be sold one to a customer. His idea not only launched the modern cooky and cracker business but also revolutionized grocery stores. The baker laid a sheet of wax paper on a piece of cardboard and folded them together into a package which protected the crackers from air and moisture. Glance around the next supermarket you enter, and you can get an idea of the ultimate effect of this simple innovation. Today, the manufacture of such packages is a multibillion-dollar industry.

The packages made it possible for a baker to make the public aware of his trade-mark and also enabled him to deliver his products in first-rate condition to grocers over a wide area. Packaging thus led ultimately to the growth of a few big efficient concerns which now dominate the cracker and cooky industry. Three which have bakeries scattered from coast to coast bake more than 90 per cent of the industry's output. From a dozen or so strategically placed plants, they blanket the country. The remaining 10 per cent of the business is divided among a few fair-sized regional bakeries and thousands of small retail bakeries, for most of which cookies are only a side line.

Flour arrives at a big bakery in tank cars from which it is pumped to a tower via vacuum tubes. It flows down from the tower storage bins, as needed, to the mixing room where it joins the other ingredients. Crackers are mixed there, in machines resembling laundry tumblers, 1,500 pounds at a time.

There are two mixing processes. The first involves only flour, water and yeast, and the product is called the sponge. (A big stainless-steel trough full of such a sponge gives off great sighs of carbon dioxide, and old-timers among the bakers insist that the best cure for a cold is to take a deep breath of the gas.)

After about 18 hours of rising in a warm room, the sponge reaches the right temperature. At this point the *p*H meter comes in. It's a complex instrument which counts the hydrogen ions in the sponge, thus determining with minute precision the degree of its acidity. Such precision is necessary so that the amount of baking soda needed to counteract the acidity can be measured precisely. A cracker with too little or too much soda is not pleasant to the taste buds.

When the sponge is ready, it is returned to the mixer to join the other ingredients. Then it goes through another period of rising, this time for five hours. The dough is then fed to the sheeter, which presses it into a long, thin sheet, folds the sheet back over itself several times, presses it flat again, and repeats the process until the dough becomes several dozen thinner-than-paper-thin layers.

It flows onto the moving belt which carries it under a machine which trims the sides of the three-foot-wide sheet, marks it into individual crackers with semiperforations and sprinkles them with salt. The machine also "dockets" each cracker with from eight to 16 little evenly spaced holes. Without these holes, the cracker would puff up into a ball like a big oyster cracker the instant it hit the oven.

The Journey Through the Oven

Then the crackers begin their ride through the 300-foot oven, traveling at a rate of a little over 100 feet per minute. The temperature has to be exactly right every inch of the way. It's red-hot at the beginning so that blisters will be raised to make the crackers light and airy. But by the time they emerge from the oven they already have cooled so much that you can pick one off the line and eat it.

Cookies are much simpler than crackers to mix because they don't require a period of rising before they go to the oven. The basic distinction between the two is that crackers are yeast-leavened and cookies chemically leavened with some sort of baking powder. But, this semantic neatness gets thoroughly messed up in practice.

Sprayed crackers such as Hi Ho and Ritz get their rich, buttery flavor and texture from being lightly sprayed with coconut oil. To make the cheesed varieties which have grown popular in the last decade, the bakers simply add dry powdered cheese to the batter.

Mass production of some of the more complicated cookies requires devices as ingenious as those used for cracker baking. The chocolate-covered marshmallow cooky is a good example. First, the simple "base cakes"—round, flat, sugar cookies—are baked and cooled. Then, riding the bank, they pass beneath the marshmallow mixer. This mixer is a tall, narrow, cylindrical machine which sucks into itself through

COLLIER'S "All I can say, Daddy, is —you're no gentleman!" SID GORDIN

crackers; Southerners dote on vanilla wafers

pipes exactly the right proportions of corn sirup, sugar, starch and gelatin, blends and beats them into a semistiff, creamy consistency, then deposits a marshmallow dollop of just the right size on each base cake.

The marshmallow-laden cakes ride on to the "enrober." The enrober is a small pool of warm chocolate which constantly bubbles up from beneath through small holes in the surface on which the cakes ride, coating their bottoms; plus a series of overhead nozzles which simultaneously squirt just enough chocolate on top of each marshmallow dollop to cover it and the sides of the base cake. Then the plump, rich cookies wend sedately through a cooling tunnel which sets the marshmallow and chocolate.

Youngsters who occasionally visit the bakeries seldom fail to stand in openmouthed awe before the enrober when it is in action.

"Gosh," one small boy told a New York baker, "I wish I could take a ride through that."

Because bakeries are geared for mass production, the bakers have to be sure that large numbers of people like each item they make. They dream fondly of persuading every man, woman and child in the country to demand exactly the same kinds. And they have made remarkable progress toward that goal.

The great majority of Americans have been "educated" to want lightly salted square crackers with soup, graham crackers with milk, plain little sugar or vanilla cookies with ice cream, and richer fig bars or chocolate and marshmallow concoctions for teatime snacks.

In all, there are about 200 different types of cookies and crackers which are enjoyed by large numbers of people in all parts of the country. The bakers can concentrate on these with assurance of the large market they need.

Folks Who Want Big Crackers

But there still remain millions of nonconformists. In the Rocky Mountain area many older people insist on a cracker slightly larger and thicker than tbe standard one. Occasionally, the big bakeries which serve this region try to discontinue the outsize cracker because it has a comparatively small market and fouls up production schedules. Every such attempt has brought a bombardment of protests, and the bakers have always gone back to making the big cracker.

In the New York-Philadelphia area there's a demand for a cracker called the Trenton. It's a sphere-shaped, unsalted soda cracker of the size and approximately the consistency of a walnut.

"Doubt if we could give them away anywhere else in the country," one New York baker with nation-wide sales told me.

Thousands of New Englanders seem to feel that their pantry shelf is naked if it doesn't support a box of what they call milk crackers—thick, disk-shaped, slightly sweetened soda crackers which contain no milk but usually are eaten with it.

Over a period of a few months a couple of years ago, a Portland, Oregon, bakery received several letters asking why it didn't bake milk crackers. Impressed by such spontaneous requests, the manager of the bakery ran off a batch. They sold to the people who had written the letters but to almost no one else. The baker investigated and discovered that every one of the letter writers was a recently transplanted New Englander.

In cookies there are similar pronounced regional taste differences. Southerners seem to dote on vanilla wafers. During the fall, big, slablike sugar cookies, called harvest cookies, are in demand in the Northwest. And Midwesterners are far more enthusiastic nibblers of iced cookies than are Easterners. One big company has to keep a production line in its Dayton, Ohio, plant busy on these cookies for sixteen hours every day, but its New York City bakery devotes one line to them for only one eight-hour shift every week or so.

Cooky Baking as a Fine Art

It is in cookies that the big bakeries get tough competition from small ones. A small bakery can afford to run a batch of only a few dozen of any kind which seems likely to tickle the fancy of a few nonconformists. At the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, for instance, I watched an old-style German pastry cook turning out such delectable oddities as sherry cookies, rich with butter, sherry and candied cherries, and chocolate wafers iced with marzipan. Nothing like them comes from the great band ovens of the big bakeries.

Competition also comes from British imports. We now import from Great Britain almost $1,000,000 worth of cookies every year. Only you mustn't call them cookies; if they are British, they are biscuits.

Except in nomenclature, though, their difference from domestic products is difficult to define in most cases. A few of the imported items, such as Scotch shortbread, are simply superrich with butter. But most are distinctive for the delicacy of their sweetening and flavoring and for their handmade look. The look is not faked. For their own domestic consumption, the British mass-produce great quantities of biscuits, but most of the exports are hand-formed and baked in small ovens. They so tickle the fancy of their fanciers in this country that they fetch prices of $1 to $2 per pound, two or three times what the big U.S. bakeries get for their cookies at the retail level.

Naturally, American bakers would be delighted to adopt British recipes and methods if they could count on selling reasonably large amounts of such cookies. But they can't. Most of us seem determined to insist on bargains when it comes to snacks.

A few years ago a sudden rise in the price of figs made it necessary for one company to raise the price of its fig bars from 17 cents per box to 24 cents. Sales dropped off. A year later fig costs receded a bit, and the company cut its fig bars back to 19 cents per box. Sales immediately zoomed to three times what they had been at the old price of 17 cents.

"We'll bake anything our customers want," one baker told me. "But once we light up an oven and start tbe band rolling, a lot of people have to do a lot of snacking to keep us from being smothered under cookies."

ROBERT CAPA

Something Worth Seeing

HOW COME a ballet dancer on the editorial page? Well, first of all, our editorial position in favor of pretty girls ranks right up there with our support of motherhood and the sanctity of the home. We also take a strong stand for the movies. Likewise we are firmly in favor of skillful photography. And since the young lady is a movie actress as well as a dancer, and because we think this is a charming and imaginative picture of her, we feel she definitely belongs where she is.

The young lady's name is Jeanmaire. (The first name's Renée, but it's been dropped for professional purposes.) She makes her first film appearance with Danny Kaye in Samuel Goldwyn's Hans Christian Andersen. We liked her in the picture and we liked and enthusiastically recommend the picture itself—which reminds us that we've seen a lot of good movies this year. It also reminds us that Mr. Goldwyn, who has made many a good one in his time, wrote an article for Collier's something more than a year ago. Its title was Is Hollywood Through?

Mr. Goldwyn said he didn't think Hollywood was, but he admitted that a lot of people in his business were worried. He cited some mistakes that Hollywood had made, all of which added up to a rather severe case of box-office anemia. He acknowledged the threat of television. But he also pointed out that the film industry had survived a good many ills, such as too many bad pictures for the double-feature addicts, too blatant advertising, censorship *and* competition. He figured Hollywood would keep on going. Turned out he was right.

We notice that people still seem to be going to the movies. And when there's a particularly popular attraction playing, it's still tough to get a seat. So we aren't fretting unduly that one of our favorite forms of entertainment is going to become an adjunct of TV and nothing else.

Maybe the box-office scare of the last two or three years will turn out to be a healthy thing for the film makers. It seems to us that even now they are turning out a better product in a stronger effort to compete with television for the American audience. And, if the general rules of business enterprise hold good, this ought to encourage the television people to try to turn out a better product, too. The result, we hope, will be two stronger, sounder industries and a continued improvement in the entertainment that both provide.

End of editorial. You may now return your gaze to Mlle. Jeanmaire.

Ground to Air to Space

YOU WILL READ elsewhere in this issue about President Truman's presentation of the Collier Trophy to a group of Langley Field scientists, an event that will help to open a year's celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight. And it occurs to us, in that connection, that the Collier aviation award is almost as old as the airplane itself.

The trophy idea was conceived by Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of this magazine, and the first award was made in 1911, when powered aviation was a youngster of eight. It has been awarded annually since, and its recipients make up the honor roll of aeronautical science and engineering.

To read over the list of achievements for which they have been honored is to realize with fresh wonder the giant strides that aviation has taken in only 40 years—if the art of flying can be said to stride.

We think that Collier's can take a small bit of credit, without being immodest, for its part in aiding this advancement. For the trophy which bears the Collier name represents only one example of this magazine's interest in aviation. That interest antedated the first award in 1911, and it has not slackened. Among magazines of general circulation, Collier's was certainly a pioneer in reporting the progress of the art and industry of aviation and in promoting public interest in their development. Through the years we believe that we have devoted more space to the subject than any other publication in our field.

Now, though our interest in the airplane and its builders continues, we are pioneering in a new field—space travel. In three issues this year, Collier's has given its readers the benefit of the best scientific thinking on that subject. We have translated into terms of popular understanding the exhaustive research that brilliant men have carried on over the years, research which has ranged from the abstractions of the most abstruse mathematics to the smallest practical details of the equipment that man will need if he is to live and move in the hazards of an airless environment.

We believe that space will be conquered. And in another 50 years, perhaps, we may look back upon a history of man's escape from the atmosphere which will be even more amazing than the last half century's story of his escape from the earth. And we shall continue to do our best to keep you informed of this new history as it is being made.

Pardon Our Skepticism

AN ENGLISH DOCTOR says he has helped school children get better marks through hypnotism. Maybe so. But we still shudder at our school-day memories of the times we went to class or examination unprepared, and with our mind in a state which can only be described as one of trance. The trance, alas, produced no hopeful scholastic results. So we hope you'll excuse us, Doctor, if we receive your claim of success with just a touch of skepticism.

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